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VOLUME 17 NUMBER 11

HOT AND WET!
DIVE IN WITH
ANDREA

SNAPPED!
EMMA RIDLEY
LESLEY-ANNE
DOWN

CHARLOTTE
BACK WITH A BANG

NASTASSJA KINSKI
SEXY STAR
SPECIAL

BARE WITH US
MORE GIRLS THAN ANY
OTHER MAGAZINE

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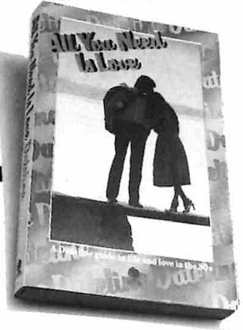

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Your Sex ___ put M or F

Your Height ___ ft ___ ins.

Your age ___ yrs

Age you would like to meet ___ min ___ max

BLOCK CAPITALS

First Name ____________

Surname ____________

Address ____________

____

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____

____

____

Occupation ____________

Religion ____________

2 Tick ✓ which characteristics best describe you.

ARE YOU:

- Warmhearted ☐
- Serious ☐
- Considerate ☐
- Shy ☐
- Romantic ☐
- Fashion conscious ☐
- Practical ☐
- Conventional ☐
- Reliable ☐
- Adventurous ☐

3 Tick ✓ those activities you enjoy, put a ✗ against those you dislike, and leave blank those where you have no preference.

DO YOU ENJOY:

- Wine bars/Eating out ☐
- Pubs ☐
- Sports/Keep Fit ☐
- Politics/History ☐
- Reading ☐
- Travelling ☐
- Science/Technology ☐
- Cinema ☐
- Pets/Animals ☐
- Pop/Rock music ☐
- Jazz/Folk music ☐
- Classical music ☐
- Theatre/Arts ☐
- Watching TV ☐
- Smoking ☐
- Drinking ☐
- Being with children ☐
- Homemaking ☐
- Gardening ☐
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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL AGENCY

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CLUB INTERNATIONAL

Volume Seventeen Number Eleven

Cover girl Andrea Clarke likes nothing better than taking a long, hot, steamy bubble bath, and then spreading foam all over her hot, swinging boobs. Aaaaaargh!

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

Ish a funny fing, y'know, but I'm shposed to be the Editor of thish mag, and I never get to write the editroail. Editorial, sorry.

Ish not as if I don't offer, izit? I go into the office sometimes – no, I do – and I shay, "Look, I'll write the bit up the front. Wheresa tripe cutter? Nah, wheresa typewriter?" Do they gimme one? Do they fuck. They jush get the secretrary out an' she takesh me back down the road to the Tudor club, where Sharon has a chilled Tennents Super sitting on the bar. She'sh a lovely girl.

But, I mean, I'm the bosh, aren't I? Sho thish ish my page. Sho I'm gonna write it. Here we go!

"Yeeeah, lads! Loadsa tits! Loadsa arses! Loadsa funny warm damp furry bits in between! Triffic eh!"

Thash mush better than their crap, eh? Right, well they shay I've go' go now. I'm buyin' all the modelsh a bit of a drinkie down the Tudor. Jush four pintsh eash – they've cut my expenshes. Shee ya later. ♣

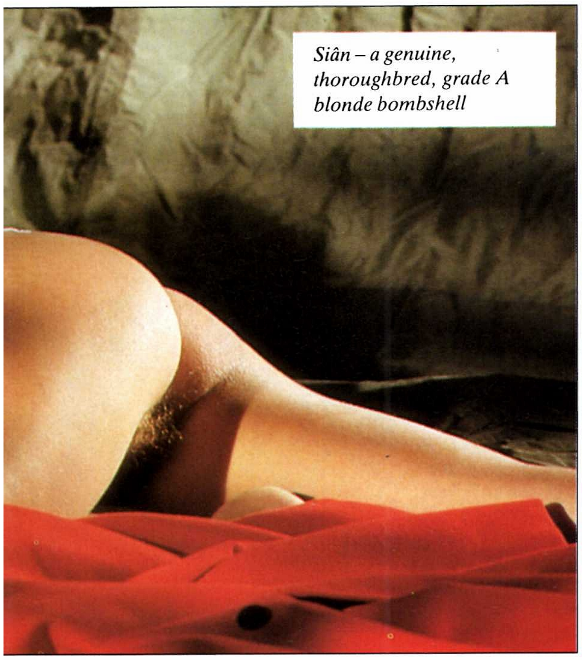
Centrefold Vicky lets it all *go*

Head for the bedroom with Charlotte

Anna – wow!

Keisha, the extremely edible porn queen

Coming out to play, Suzanne?



Siân – a genuine, thoroughbred, grade A blonde bombshell

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

And a great many people, including John F of Sidcup, Brian of Skelmersdale, Kevin and the lads in Doncaster, and Yogi of Castle Comer will be coming again and again and again with this repeat showing of mouthwatering mademoiselle Yvette from Vol 17 No 8. Très, très bon. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

In The Bag, in the bedroom or in the laundry basket – wherever you do it, tell us about it. And tell your favourite girls what you'd like to do to them, too: you'll get a personal reply in ITB. So get writing to the only men's mag that treats its readers' letters seriously. The address: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Top Ten Corner

1. Charlie – Jenna's daughter, "Dallas"
2. Clare Grogan – actress/singer
3. Sally Whittaker – Sally, "Coronation Street"
4. Miranda Richardson – actress
5. Joanne Ridley – "Me and My Girl"
6. Pirelli Girl – advert, "Gripping Stuff"
7. Helena Sukova – tennis player
8. Debbie Greenwood – TV hostess
9. Cherie Lunghi – actress
10. Harriet Harman – MP, Peckham

Alec, Edinburgh

Harriet Harman? You cannot be serious – Ed.

Praise Be!

There I was, leafing through my collection and thinking, "I'm getting jaded, they're losing their power, or I'm getting old." Then Vol 17 No 7 put in an appearance and Sir Michael stood to attention once again. Happy experience . . . I thought I'd give you my opinion, for what it's worth.

1) U Watt: Keep up the cynicism, mate! My memories of school sport are of sheer bloody war and sadism (I've had my nuts groped in more scrums than I care to remember, and not by members of the opposition).

2) *Motorvation:* ditto. My definition of a car is a box on wheels to get me from A to B and back. I don't want a Rolls-Canaraly penis symbol, I want transport!

3) *Lisa's Guide to London:* it's the irreverence that turns me on. If she'd pissed on the notice she was decorating, the message couldn't have been clearer!

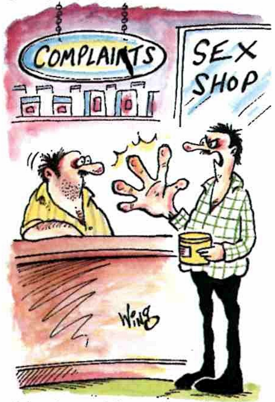
4) *Top Tits:* same again. Anything further from reality is hard to imagine.

5) Nathaniel Fatbastard: happily promulgating the message that most restaurant food is so fucking awful you have to be drunk to take it in. Don't I know it!

6) Andrea: not even your cheeky grin saved the school sequence. I was a teacher for more years than you've been round, and this last lot failed. Clothing fetishes are a real turn off.

7) A credit you aren't expecting: the high standard of literacy. No spelling mistakes, for instance. When I look at the *Guadinrag* or the *Telegrahp*, I bleed. But when I look at Club I get decent English *and* gorgeous girls.

And a thank you for staying out of anal, urolagia, coprophagia and SM in the whole thing. I'm a straight hetero, and so are most of your other readers, I imagine! – *Peter, The Netherlands*



It's about this penis enlarging cream you sold me . . .

What a Bummer!

I have just seen Club Vol 17 No 7 and I really think that you have *at last* got the message that there are red-blooded men out here who prefer to see pictures of the *rear* views of your super models, as well as (if not more than), the *front* views. What a lovely collection of superb, rounded bottoms you suddenly gave us in this last issue. I think at last your Billy Buttock is having his way, and helping you to select the right pictures!

Just look at that issue again: a good opening taster of a small photo showing two lovely rounded girls standing back-view in their skimpy bikinis. Over the page, another taster; over the page again, and friend Billy has come up with a faultless pair of cheeks. Then another fabulous picture of Frances, followed by a few pages of good general poses; over the page, and BANG!!! We're suddenly surrounded by a whole row of beautiful rounded bottoms in *Bum Chic* – what a feast! I was coming for hours.

Here's a challenge for you – why not get some more of your models (like Kate, for instance) to get off the bed for once, stand up, and face the other way – just like those superb *Bum Chics*! – *BB, Bromley*

Ride a Cock Horse

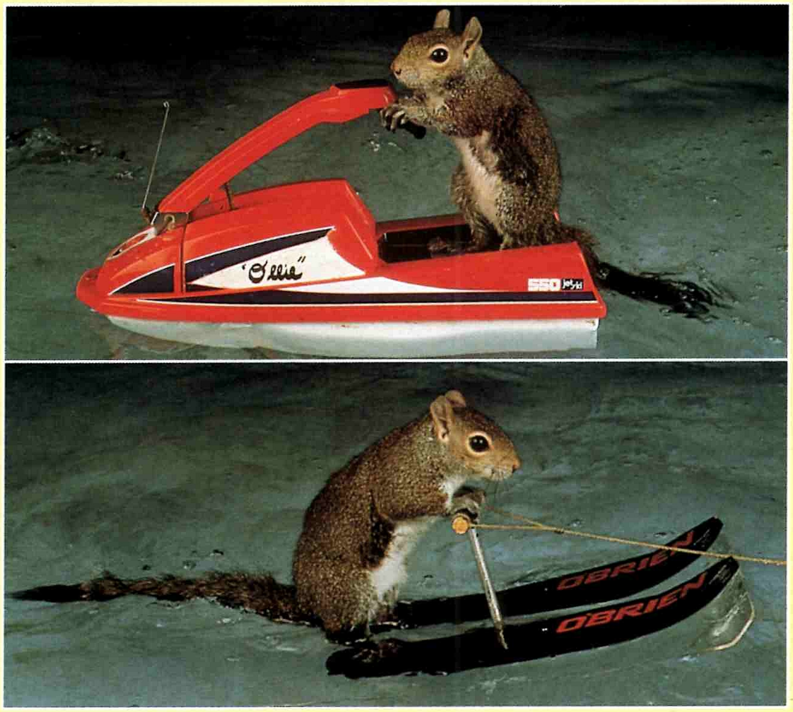
Thanks Club! Printing my letters in Vol 17 No's 4 & 8 has done wonders for my sex-life. You see, Jane really loves reading about our screwing sessions with Kelly and Diana so much that she's

NUTTER'S CORNER

"I just love the water," drawls Ollie in his Californian accent. Ollie is a five-year-old squirrel who lists his hobbies as hangin' out at the beach, windsurfing, rappin' with the guys at Nutkin's bar and female squirrels.

"I'm heavily into my body," says Ollie. "I find watersports the ideal way to relax and build my pecs at the same time. And besides, the chicks just love a waterborne rodent!" he laughs, with a cheeky glint in his eye.

Now, where's David Attenborough's phone number? ♣



devised new ideas to keep our confessions interesting for your readers.

As I said in the last letter Kelly, the sexy blonde I screwed on her hen night, contacted Jane to arrange a reunion as her hubby wasn't keeping her happy. I agreed but Jane asked me to bring a friend for a lovely foursome and I knew just who to bring – Carl, my 35-year-old West Indian workmate, who like me was divorced and looking for some nice young pussy (Jane and Kelly are 18 and 19 respectively).

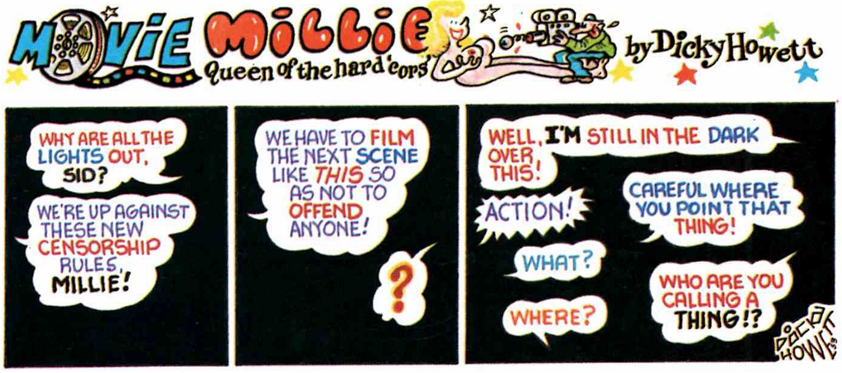
We arranged to meet in a local wine bar and Kelly's eyes lit up when she saw Carl, as did Jane's (she told me that they had both fancied trying a black lover) while Carl was equally impressed with the girls. Both wore micro-skirts and stilettos and were bra-less under their tops, showing Jane's big, rounded boobs and Kelly's smaller, pointed tits. "This should be a great night!" said Carl, and we all had to agree.

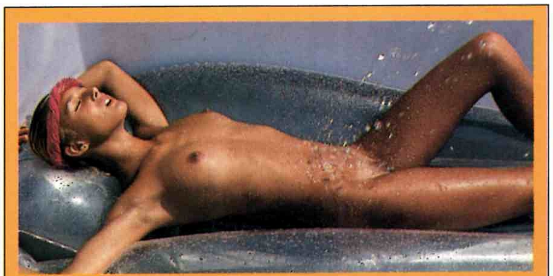
A few drinks later we retired to my flat and soon Carl and Kelly were kissing deeply, as were Jane and I. Suddenly Jane stood up and, smiling, said, "Let's have an orgy!" She began to undress and we all quickly complied. Tops, skirts and tiny panties were soon discarded and I ogled the girls' equal but contrasting beauty. Kelly is slim and lithe with small pointed boobs and a wispy blonde snatch while Jane is busty, curvy, and has a thick, black, bushy mangle. Then I saw their eyes light up in delight as Carl dropped his pants and proved everything they'd heard about black men was true.

Carl's cock hung to mid-thigh like a big black sausage and Kelly and Jane both knelt to kiss and suck it. I moved in behind them, caressing breasts and buttocks and stroking two fast dampening pussies, my own cock already stiff. But my eight inches was being dwarfed by Carl's huge cock, which erect was around 10 inches and thicker than my wrist. Indeed, as we split into two 69s I could see how Kelly could barely get his cockhead into her mouth while Carl's tongue lashed her cunt and I did the same to Jane.

Both girls took charge, Jane climbing over me and sliding down on my cock as we both watched Kelly kneeling over Carl and easing his huge cock into her pussy. God knows where she put it all but somehow her tiny blonde pussy gobbled up his full length and I watched enthralled as she rode him while Jane rode me. It was incredible watching Kelly bouncing wildly on Carl's cock, driving his huge tool into her tiny blonde pussy and screaming in sheer ecstasy as she came, urged on

continued on page 8


MOVIE MILLIE
Queen of the hard 'cors'
by Dicky Howett
WHY ARE ALL THE LIGHTS OUT, SID?
WE'RE UP AGAINST THESE NEW CENSORSHIP RULES, MILLIE!
WE HAVE TO FILM THE NEXT SCENE LIKE THIS SO AS NOT TO OFFEND ANYONE!
?
WELL, I'M STILL IN THE DARK OVER THIS!
ACTION!
CAREFUL WHERE YOU POINT THAT THING!
WHAT?
WHERE?
WHO ARE YOU CALLING A THING!?
DICKY HOWETT



Dear Tanya,

You are fantastic in every aspect. When I saw you in Vol 17 No 8 I almost orgasmed on the spot and that is honestly no exaggeration. If there is one thing I love it is a tanned body, shining in the sun. Oh, to be making wild and passionate love to you now!

I absolutely freaked at the sheer pureness of your breasts, and your nipples are just so beautifully dark and suckable. What wide hips as well, just waiting to be explored. But best of all is your completely delicious cunt. I've seen really nice, cock-stiffening cunts in past Clubs, but none quite so perfect as yours. Oh, to be kissing those tender pussy lips and making love to you on that sandy beach. Please give me a reply, as my cock will explode if you do! – *Keith, Essex*

***I can imagine us both now, Keith, lying on the beach together, feeling the hot sun working us both up to a frenzy of passion. What happens next is up to you! –* Tanya ♣**

IN ARREARS

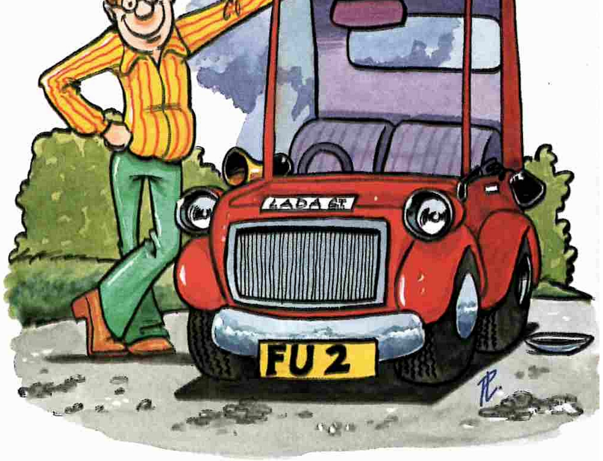
Ugh ugh argh argh URGGHH ARGGHH . . . No, that's not this month's TV theme tune. Why? 'Cos I haven't watched any TV this month, that's why. I've been too busy beating my meat in my front room to all the porno movies I've been watching, and that's the soundtrack!

The best thing about watching porno movies (apart from tossing off to them) is seeing all those firmly rippling porn star arses bobbing up and down, looking larger than life on the screen. Like this one here. Mmmmphfff.

And you don't get interrupted every two minutes for adverts, either. *– Billy Buttock* ♣

MOTORVATION

With his nose in a vodka and his finger on the pulse of industry, ***John Masham*** *hasn't got a clue what we'll be driving next year.*



Q: What's the similarity between driving a Lada and wearing flares?

A: We've all done both, but we're not going to admit it to *anyone*.

OK, I'll admit it: I did once drive a Lada, but I never wore flares – honest. And I only drove the thing because, contrary to what you may believe by the time you've finished reading this page, I am a motoring journalist and getting into Ladas is the sort of thing we do when we're not getting steamed at the Motorshow or behind the wheel of someone else's Aston Martin. (And speaking of drinks, I've found a new one. Basically, it's a Bloody Mary without the vodka: it's called a Bloody Awful.)

Anyway, while out driving the Lada (not that a simple term like 'driving' can really adequately sum up the surprising rush of emotions engendered by the thankfully rare experience of nursing a smoking junkheap around rush hour London), I started wondering what the cars of tomorrow would be like. Well, who wouldn't? After all, driving a car with an Eighties numberplate, Seventies price tag, Sixties bodyshell and Fifties engine, you're bound to get a bit historical about things.

After many hours of thought, and a fair few examples of the brewer's craft, I realised I hadn't got a clue. And why should I? Anyone who's seen Masham drive knows that he's not even blessed with first sight, let alone second. And I couldn't nip forward in time, because the Tardis threw a rod at the weekend and is in for a 6000 trillion mile service. Instead, I can only offer up a few suggestions as to what we *won't* be driving.

As it happens, one of the things we won't have to put up with is more bloody Ladas. I can be quite sure about this because if Gorby and the Politburo boys really want us to believe all this *glasnost* guff, they should start by stopping Lada. They don't drive them, so why should you?

Over here, of course, there's been a good bit of speculation about the British Aerospace takeover of British Leyland. *Why did they bother?* is the most commonly asked question. Less cynical observers just want to know what difference it will make to drivers in the year 2000. Bog-all, in my opinion.

The reasons are simple. While in the cosy Jackanory world of TV advertising they may believe that Batman loves his Metro, here on Planet Earth we're all a bit more realistic. Anyone over five years of age knows that while this kind of car is fine for the Fuzz, its unique combination of ancient drivetrain and negative style ensures that it's not exactly the sort of thing one chooses to be seen driving. Fair enough if you wear your pants on the outside, or can't help saying 'Ello' in triplicate, but not really an essential purchase for the man who's going places.

Their badge-engineering policy won't really stand the test of time either. While sticking an MG badge on to a family shopper is doubtless a fair few bob cheaper than designing a whole new car, it doesn't fool anyone. The Japs know this, the Germans too, and to prove it they periodically design and build *whole new cars*. Over here they just beef up the badge every now and then. By the 1990s they'll be bolting them on to anything that moves, and quite a few things which don't, with the result that – sooner or later – someone'll stick an MG logo on to a Lada. The result? Goodnight, MG.

That's not to say, however,

IN·THE·BAG

by Carl's "Ride it babe! Ride it!", to be soon followed by Jane's groaning climax.

Now we swapped and moved into two missionary-type fucking couples, parallel and only a yard apart on my carpet. Kelly and I watched initially as Carl mounted Jane, hooking her legs over his shoulders and then smoothly driving home his entire length as Jane screamed at such incredibly deep penetration. We watched for a minute or so as he shafted Jane superbly, moving in and out a good eight inches per stroke, his balls slapping loudly against her arse.

Inspired, Kelly and I adopted an identical position and fucking rhythm, each scream of delight from the girls punctuated by two pairs of balls slapping against two tight arses in unison. Carl looked over smiling and said: "We got two hot little babes here, man! Let's give them the old lovestick . . . hard!" Immediately he began to increase the pace to steamhammer level, short stabbing strokes which had poor Jane screaming in ecstasy. To my credit I matched his strokes perfectly and Kelly was howling equally loudly and indeed came first, beating Jane by a few seconds to their second climax.

We uncoupled and shared some wine as the girls recovered from their orgasms and waxed lyrical about their two studs, as both Carl and I still had full erections. "God, I wish my hubby had half your cock and stamina, Carl," said Kelly, splashing wine on to his big black rod and then licking and sucking it off. "Now we want to see you boys come!" said Jane, and the grinning Carl took charge, obviously being no stranger to group sex.

"Let's have a daisy chain," said Carl, who arranged Kelly and began to fuck her doggy style while I moved in front of her so she could suck my cock. Jane took a free role caressing cocks, balls, breasts, and buttocks as she wished. Poor Kelly suddenly let go of my cock and screamed as she came again as Carl shafted hard and fast. Carl was in ecstasy too and suddenly pulled out of Kelly, moaned, "Wicked, man!

One day we'll catch her at it

Dear Stefanie,

I want to tell you exactly what I'd like to do to you. Your tits looked so enticing dripping with water through that see-through shirt, and I'd love to drag you under the shower in my house, while you are still wearing all your clothes. I'd turn the shower full on, so your tight shirt would be clinging to those beautiful boobs, and I'd start licking your nipples through the outside of the material, gently nipping and tugging them with my teeth. This sends you wild, and soon you have wrapped your legs round my waist and we are fucking standing up like there is no tomorrow.

I can assure you that I wouldn't disappoint you, Stefanie, and I hope that this has turned you on as much as it has me. – *Pete, Derby*

***It has turned me on, Pete, but my English isn't good enough for me to tell you just what I'd like to do to you in that shower.* – Stefanie♣**

that the Aerospace acquisition won't have an effect on the development of the automobile. One thing seems certain: this is the deal which will finally enable pigs to fly – probably in the shape of a winged Maestro.

Rolls-Royce oughtn't to fare too well either. Still laughingly referred to (by those well out of the know) as 'the best car in the world', they are beginning to look pretty sick alongside the latest batch of Jags and Bimmers. BMW already have their stunning V12 up and running, and Jaguar's will be ready soon but RR are still touting an ancient 8 which may well still appeal to the nouveau riche but which is pure Arthur Negus alongside the German offering and £30,000 in change.

But of course, like so many of Masham's meanderings, all this is irrelevant. By the year 2000, the licencing laws will have gone the way of all bad legislation, the pubs will be open at least 24 hours a day, and no-one in their right mind is going to pass up the chance of another one for the road. As a result, none of us will be capable of walking to our cars, let alone putting them in first gear. Probably a bloody good job if you're a Lada driver.♣

Wicked!" and exploded a mess of boiling come all over Kelly's hair, back and buttocks. He held his cock like a big black firehose and directed his spurting spunk all over the exhausted Kelly blue-movie style.

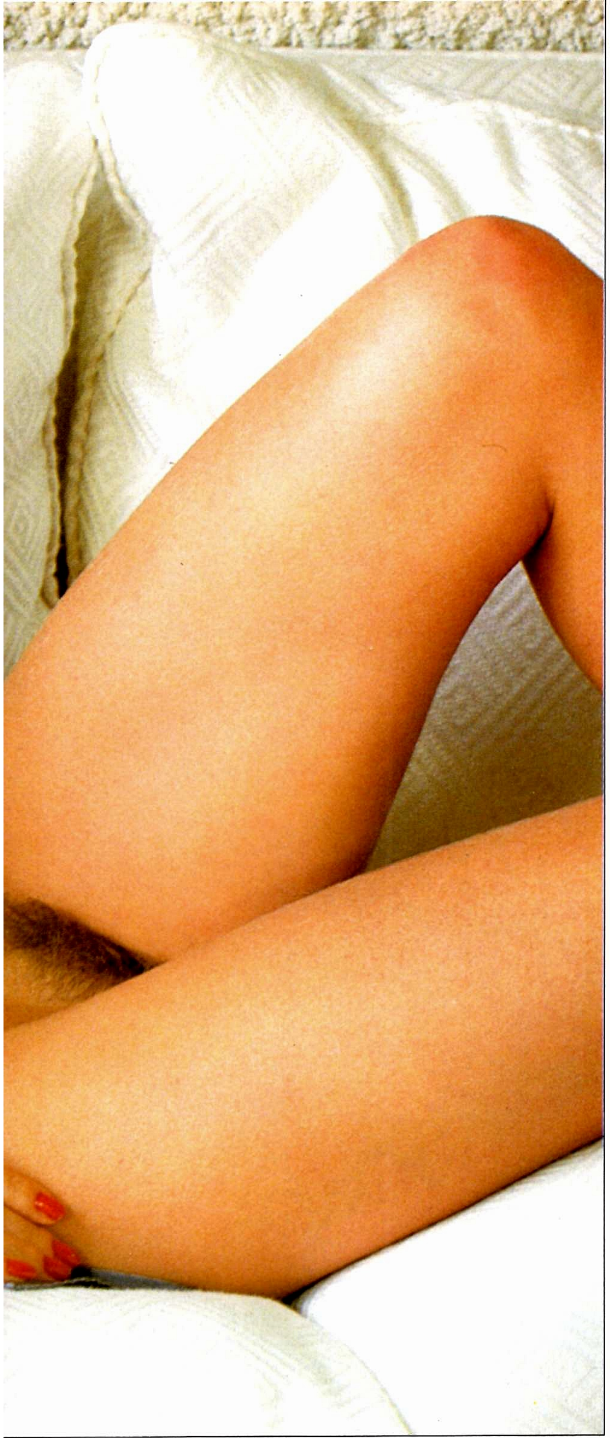
Now it was my turn and I rogered Jane like a steamhammer and vigorously frigged her clitty. Kelly and

continued on page 24

Suzanne

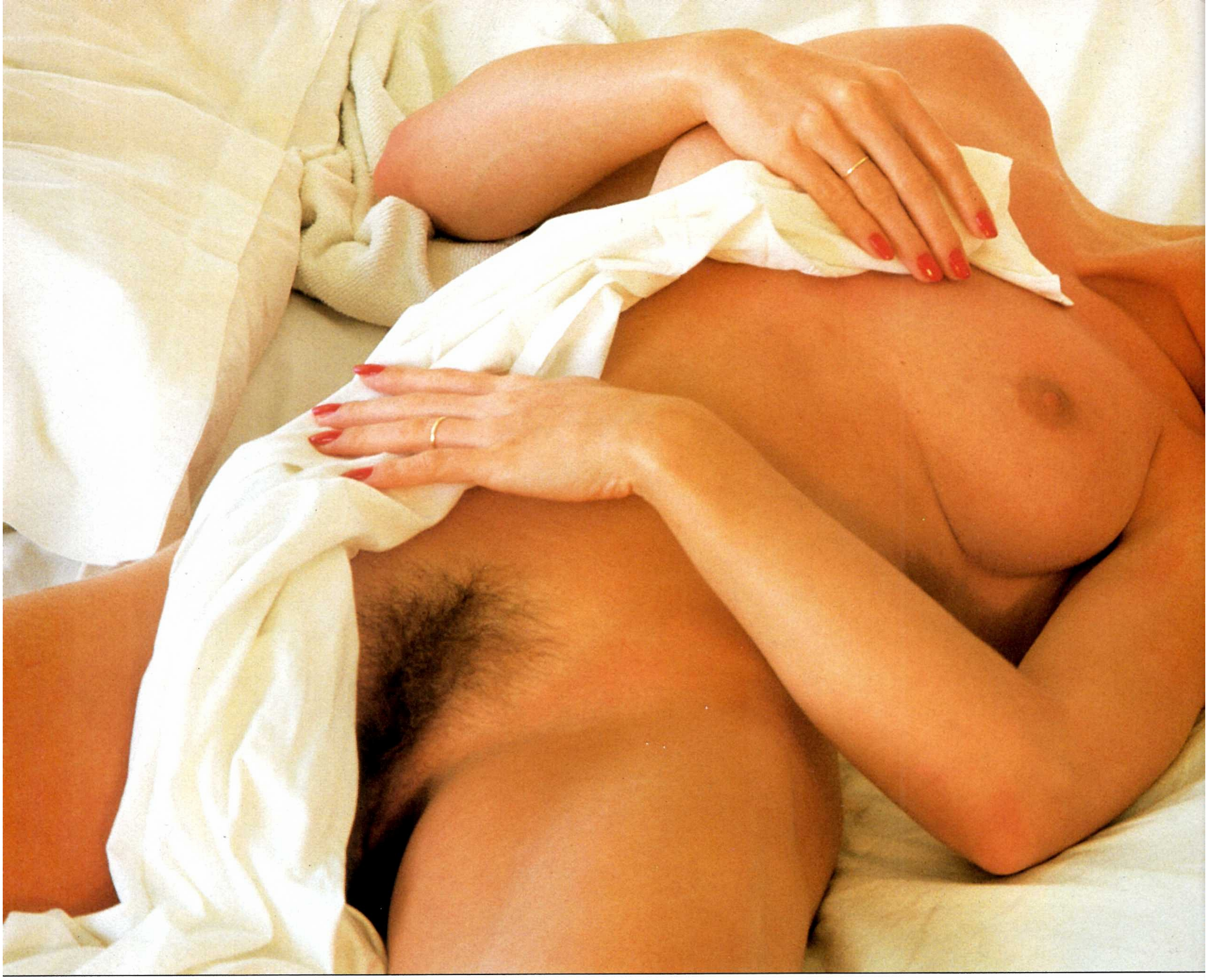
Photographs by John Kelly

We like playful girls. There's something about the way they giggle, about the way they look at you sideways from under those long eyelashes, that

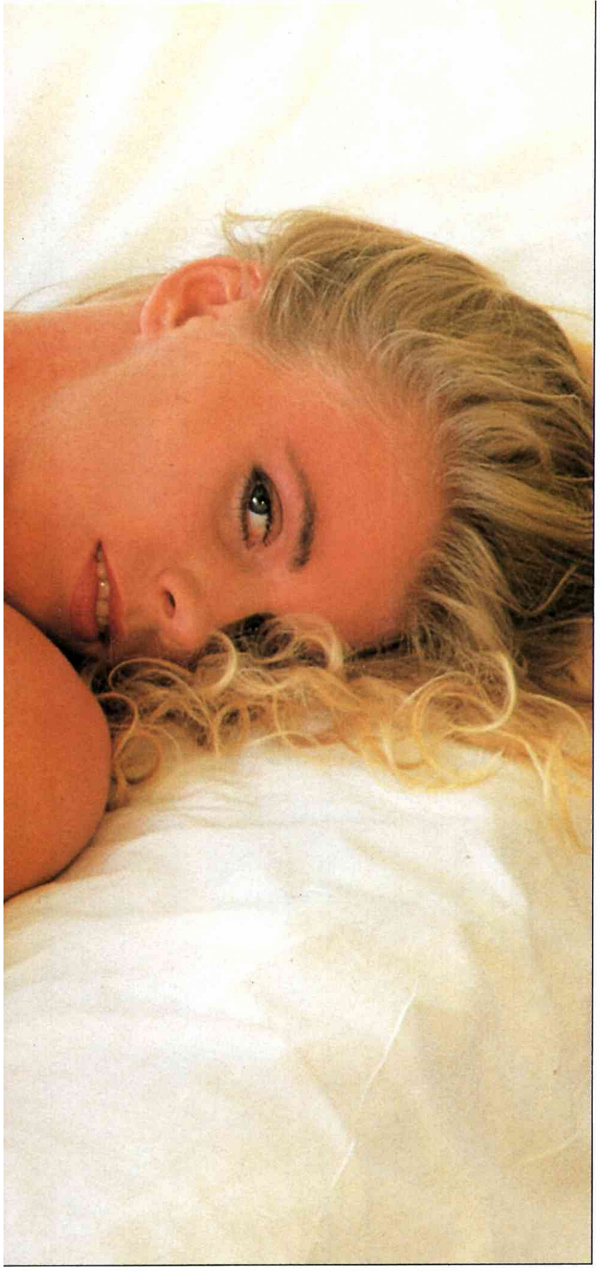


has us all straining at the leash. Playful girls are always willing to flirt. And Suzanne here is very playful indeed.

She admits that she gives the men in her home town of Redcar a bit of a runaround.



"I'm forever flirting with all of them. They love it! I always have loads of boyfriends, and more queueing up. I think blokes like a girl who knows how to have fun. And when I finally do let a guy get me into bed, I certainly know how to have fun there, too!" ♣



TAPED!

***Allan Bryce** was such a nice boy when we first knew him. Now he eats naked virgins for breakfast. And then writes about it afterwards . . .*

Hello, good evening and welcome to all you video voyeurs out there. You know, it's not easy trying to bring you the very best in intellectual home entertainment every month, but we're obviously getting it right judging by the reader response. In fact, just recently the postbag has been bulging almost as much as my stress-tested Levis, with appreciative letters from such fans as Mr S of Basingstoke, who vouches: "I bought a copy of *Scandalous Studio Tales* on your recommendation and found it to be a scathing indictment of the trials and tribulations faced by working class women in a predominantly patriarchal society." He goes on to add: "It also gave me the biggest stonker of my life. What do I do next?" How long have you been reading this mag, Mr S? And many thanks to Mr W Tell of the Swiss Alps, who admits that he shot his bolt after seeing our picture spread of *Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity*. Nice one, Mr T – but surely you're exaggerating when you say you knocked an apple off your son's head at 20 paces?

Right, now let's get down to the nitty gritty, and what better place to start than with **Sexy Stories Volume 2**, more percy-punishing action from the video vaults of Mike Freeman, one of the great characters of the British porno scene of the early 80s. Mike's 'Videx Video' empire collapsed a few years ago when he was sent away for a brief holiday at one of Her Majesty's more austere institutions, but now he's back on the erotic movie scene with a new company called 'Puff Video' – issuing cut down versions of his earlier hardcore flicks that have got to be seen to be disbelieved!

Take *Bent Coppers* for example, which is the first sexy story on the tape. A weird looking copper wanders up to a dingy doorway in surburbia and shouts, "Open in the name of the lor!" through the letterbox. Once inside he delivers some totally off-the-wall spiel about having observed "acts of gross indecency" through the side window and then gets on the phone to 999 Letsbe Avenue to call in his superior, the legendary "Knockers" of the Yard. But before Knockers gets there, Constable "Knackers" (Freeman has a gift for devising catchy names) has been persuaded to partake of some controlled substances, and has stripped off his clothes to reveal that he is a sex-changed she!

When Knockers turns up he finds Knackers submerged in a sea of naked flesh, giggling away like a schoolgirl. "Give an account of yourself, Constable," he cries. "I love you darling," she replies, jumping on top of him. He then starts giving her a bit of helmet. I had to hit the replay button just to make sure the whole thing wasn't just a bad dream . . .

A very scarlet woman

The fun continues with *The Officer's Ladies*, in which two "gor blimey" females wander around London. You can tell from the cut of their platform heels and the way they swing their PVC handbags that they are a pair of very high class call girls. And sure enough, after stopping off for a bite in Huckleberry's Burger Bar, they get to work round at the apartment of an army Colonel who has fallen upon times that are as hard as his plonker (well, the poor chap can only afford one stick of furniture).

Technically extremely rough, this is definitely not your average sort of saucy video, but if you're looking for something a little different then Mike Freeman's *Sexy Stories* tapes will surely fit the old bill. I'll be reviewing more in future columns when I've had time to recover from this one!

Hold it there, dear

Next we come to more traditional fare. Movieland's **Confessions of a Naked Virgin** is a four-part exercise which exposes the journey to sexual awareness of a group of college girls. This journey takes all of two minutes, because the credits have barely rolled when the first of their number is graphically shown getting her diploma in the finer art of bedspring

continued on page 18

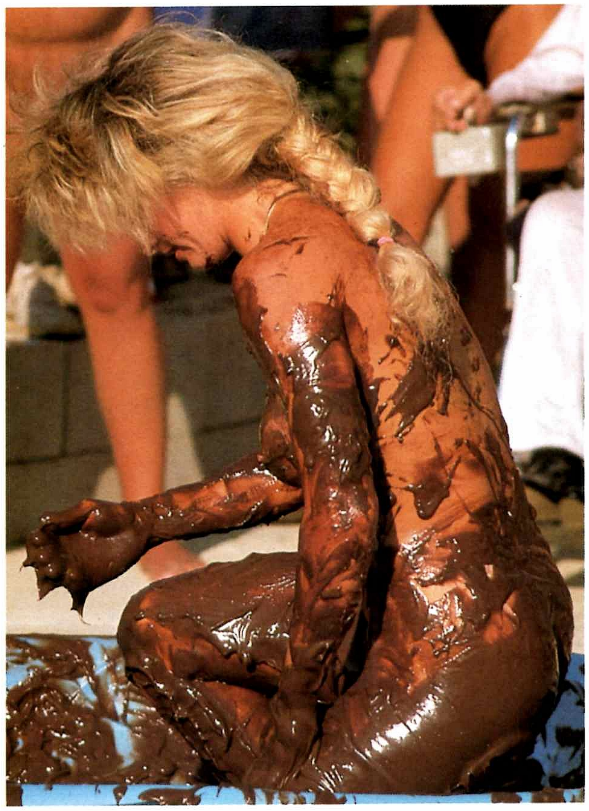
Chocs Away!

I used to have this fantasy about falling out of the sky into a roomful of melted Mars Bars and then finding that Kathleen Turner and Julie Honsman (remember *her* from last year?) had got there before me. Well, these two busty beauties will do quite nicely, I've decided, to be going along with.

Yes, it's another special from our favourite holiday resort, Naked City, California, where the indomitable Dick Drost has come up with yet another contender for inclusion in the Olympic programme, all-girl chocolate wrestling.

The ingredients for the recipe are two well tasty females, one plastic paddling pool, and melted chocolate, to be applied to every orifice. The result is a sloppy mess of writhing flesh, resulting in great big stonkers throughout the UK. Simple, eh? And here's one we prepared earlier . . . ♣

Photographs by Dag Ohrlund



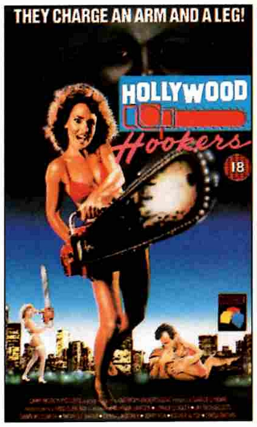
TAPED!

continued from page 15

testing. "It's the first time I've been all the way," she coos, proving that she's either a fibber or a very quick learner. But while her bonking prowess proceeds in leaps and bounds her schoolwork suffers dreadfully. She becomes obsessed with her boyfriend, unaware that the filthy swine is only after one thing (and it's not to copy her homework). Once he's had his pleasure he dumps her and she takes an overdose of pills. The moral of the tale is clear: parents, keep the aspirin cupboard locked.

The other segments ask such controversial questions as: "Should Peter and Paul be allowed to feel Mary?" and "Does your chewing gum lose its flavour on the bedpost overnight?" A panel of stern-faced experts don't know what to make of it all, and the audience is right with them. I kept looking for the naked virgin of the title, but she must have been left on the cutting room floor.

This month also brings another dose of delirious dreck from Colourbox Video, the company who gave us the memorably tacky *Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity* and have been apologising ever since. If you thought *that* was cheap and cheerful then just run your minces over **Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers**, which stars that noted Demis Roussos lookalike, Gunnar Hansen (who many years ago gained cult notoriety as Leatherface – chief cook and bottle washer of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* family) as the ghastly guru of a coven of chainsaw-wielding cuties who really do charge an arm and a leg for their services . . .



To label this movie "over-the-top" is an understatement akin to calling Joan Collins "socially active". "I've got a new sex aid here," says one happy hooker as she pulls the ripcord on a 5000 CC Yamaha tree-toppler and tears into an unfortunate client. Rubber limbs go everywhere, while an off-camera crewmember enthusiastically hoses about twenty gallons of gore all over the walls of the room. Is there no way to stop this carnage? Well yes, actually, because in the film's fraught climax they run out of gas for their chainsaws – is this a low budget movie or what?

Chainsaw hookers strike!

Equally off-the-wall is **The Imp**, which was known in the States under the colourful title of *Sorority Babes At The Slime Ball Bowl-A-Rama*. This one's about a bunch of hot-to-trot co-eds on a fraternity initiation trip who break into a bowling alley to steal a trophy, unaware that it contains a devilish little plastic monster (special effects by Kelloggs) who likes to turn busty bimbos into bloodlusting demons. It all ends in grief, with topless teens being fried in chip oil and getting their empty heads pulverised by bowling balls. My advice is to wait for the replay on Midweek Sports Special.

And finally there's just space to mention **Vision X Number 3**, which chronicles the continuing adventures of titanic Tina Small, the girl whose bust converts into a mobile home complete with accessories. With her mighty

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GOBBLE!

Our resident gourmet ***Nathaniel Fatbastard*** *certainly knows how to treat a lady to a romantic dinner à deux. What a pity he can never get his hands on one.*

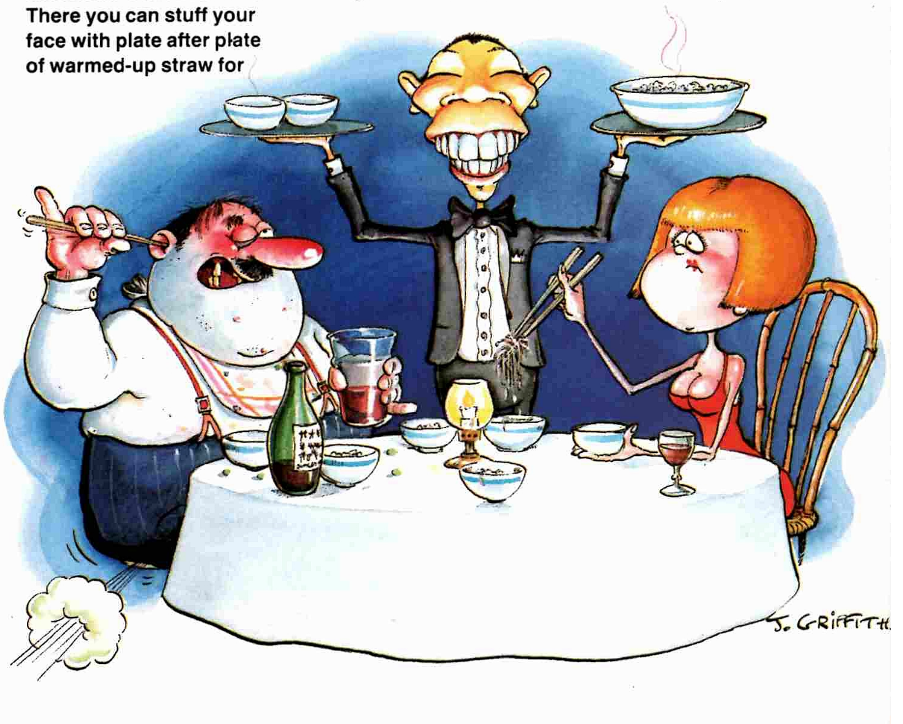
With the exception of one or two gourmets like myself interested in the finer points of *haute cuisine*, most of us go to restaurants to shag women. In these days of emancipation, it takes more than a couple of lagers before a girl will let your red-topped Transit through her curly gates to dump another load of white goods. You have to fork out for the full five course or all you'll ever pull is your pud. Don't get me wrong, I'm all in favour. Equality means not having to apologise every time you let the door swing back in her face. Let the women wear the trousers if they want – especially those tight leather ones that make her twat taste of Cherry Blossom. However, it does mean you have to know an impressive sounding restaurant that doesn't leave you with a bill the size of a Jewish pelican if you want pork and veg for supper.

However prissy they pretend to be, most girls do like a mouthful of juicy meat. The *Hibernian Beef House* chain (branches in most towns except portaloo precincts like Telford) offers just this. They've got enough hot steaks to make Joan of Arc feel at home, and they're big enough to overlap the side of the plate. Fortunately for those whose plastic is turning to rubber, the beef is cut with a laser device adapted from those used in cornea grafts, making it so thin even the Mighty McCampbell Porterhouse Sirloin with chips and peas still works out at £3.99. The decor is red and plush with black and white pictures of Aberdeen Angus cows grazing in the Highlands, allowing you to stare at a living arsehole identical to the one your £2.99 rump came from. Always a good conversational gambit for those unused to chatting up new talent.

Another guaranteed giggle is going Chinese. Many a temp on overtime has wet her knickers when I've demanded the *Foo King* Special or asked the waiter if he needs help carrying the *Wun Tun* soup. My favourite Chinky is the *Calm Orchid-Scented Lotus Blossom Garden* in West Bromwich. There you can stuff your face with plate after plate of warmed-up straw for under a fiver. Nothing impresses a girl more than 23 courses, even if they do all taste the same. Another good thing about Oriental cuisine is its subtlety and delicacy means you rarely feel bloated; and if you do, one good arse-blasting fart and you're right as rain – essential for a night of pounding with the purple piston.

However impressive it may sound, *don't* take your tart to some obscure junta's eating place. South Vietnamese, Nigerian or Ethiopian cuisine might be all right for them but at ten times the price in Kensington, forget it. Italian is cheap but a fettucine-filled fuck is like spending the night in a Robochef, though a good anchovy pizza does take a lot of the nastiness out of cunnilingus. And whatever you do, don't order the asparagus. No girl's gonna touch something that's been spray-painting the pan bright green all evening.

Instead, do as I did only last night with Dawn, the girl with the fat thighs from my local photocopy shop. Tell her to flop her 38s into



84in mammaries stuffed into a space-age bra, she strides through a *Flash Gordon* style adventure enlivened by colourful computer paintbox graphics. I'm not saying the reviews have been bad, but the company who produced this tell me that Tina has now retired from the saucy movie scene to live in Thailand as a Buddhist! ♣

Sexy Stories Volume 2 *is available from Puff Video, 27a Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX.* **Confessions of a Naked Virgin** *is available from Movieland, 47 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9RE.* **Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers** *and* **The Imp** *are available from Colourbox Video.* **Vision X Number 3** *is available from Ultravision International, Saxon Hall, South Harting, Petersfield, Hampshire GU31 5LD.*

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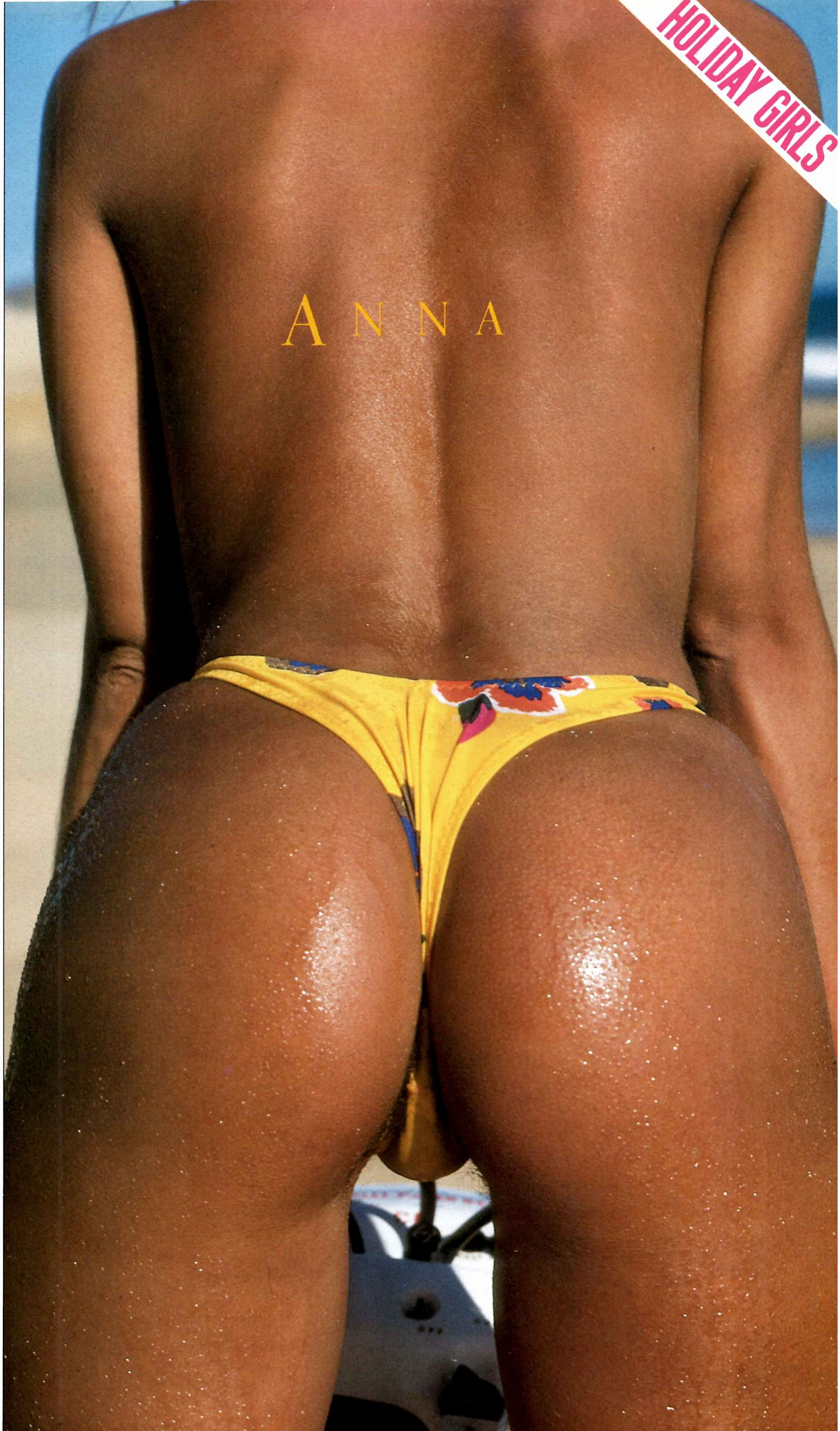
her slinkiest satin evening dress, and take her to the theatre followed by food. Avoid that Lloyd-Webber rubbish with the girl who sounds like a cat shagging, go for a real play like *Run For Your Husband's Pyjama Trousers* starring Linda Lusardi and some middle-aged tart from a seventies sit-com who shows her tits in the second act (the tickets are dirt cheap if you wait for some tourist to get food poisoning from his B&B and cancel at the last minute). Then take her for a small, intimate meal with lots of wine that slips down as easily as your hand slips inside her knickers. Then drive her back to yours for a few Napoleon brandies and she'll be putty in your hands.

Unfortunately, I finished the bottle and was putty in hers. Still, my tongue had an excellent evening's pot-holing, and next day we enjoyed a romantic breakfast in the rose garden. Unfortunately, it was then that the bottle of Napoleon decided to come out of exile, and I threw up over my prize-winning Elizabeth of Glamis. But she didn't seem to mind, and with severe pruning could flower again this autumn. ♣



ANNA

CHUBASCO'S
Fourtrax
HONDA

Fourtrax
125
Reebok

Fourtrax HONDA
125

Photographs by Hubert Blume

There's nothing Anna here likes more than to be riding naked along a sweltering beach with a powerful, throbbing engine be-

Fourtrax
HONDA

Enjoy
Chubasco's
Cabo San Lucas

HONDA
Fourtrax
125

tween her legs. We always try to cater for our girls' fantasies, hence the abundance of hot sand and that smart beach buggy.

"Being in the hot sun and feeling it warming *every inch* of my naked body is the ultimate turn-on for me," 21-year-old Anna confessed. "But I must say that the buzzing of that buggy's engine really was something else . . ." ♣

Fourtra

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 9

Carl were urging us on and Jane went off like a firecracker screaming, "Cover me in it, Dave!" Which is just what I did, pulling out as I came and spurting my seed over Jane's buttocks and back, shooting almost as much as Carl had done.

What a night! Both girls had come three times, been fucked by 18 inches worth of meaty cock *and* fulfilled their black lover fantasies. Carl and I had enjoyed two lovely, horny, cock-hungry girls young enough to be our daughters and fucked them comprehensively. Next day we agreed to repeat the exercise the next week with one spicy added ingredient. Carl is bringing his video equipment to make our first home blue movie and the girls love the idea as much as we do. In fact, Kelly says she will take a copy home to her impotent, limp-dicked hubby to show him just how to do it properly!

Cheers Club! – *Dave, Birmingham*

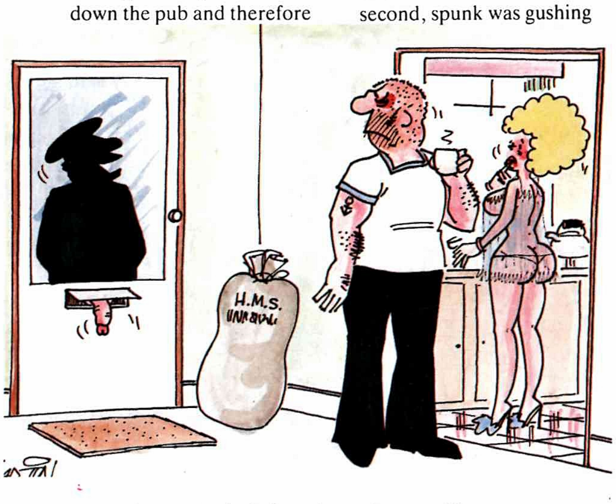
Loo Blues

The firm where I work have just moved to a new building. The decor is plush; even the loo cubicles have long mirrors.

The other Friday lunchtime one of the long-serving staff members was leaving so everyone went down the pub and therefore it was quiet. I persuaded my gorgeous blonde-haired girlfriend Sara to pop into the loo for a quickie. She has recently been to Greece with her Mum and Dad on holiday so she has an all-over dark brown tan. It's handy her working in our canteen!

I soon had her sitting on the loo seat and lifted her skirt to get down to some serious cunt licking. She asked me if I was going to take her knickers off but I prefer to sniff her dirty panties whilst licking her snatch. She was soon writhing with pleasure as she reached her climax. I then pulled my trousers and pants down and stuffed my big prick in her mouth; it was great watching her suck my cock in the mirror. I didn't want to shoot my load yet, so I pulled her up and bent her over the seat so I could shag her from behind. Her arse was a lovely golden brown colour, and I was soon ramming my cock in her from behind, getting the added pleasure of watching us in the mirror. I picked her knickers up from the floor and sniffed them whilst shafting her.

I generally come in her snatch but the added attraction of the mirror gave me a better idea. After a few more thrusts I knew spunking time was near so I pulled out of her wet pussy and wanked my prick over her bum, keeping my gaze fixed on the mirror. Next second, spunk was gushing



It's Saturday again, darlin', and your horny milkman wants payin'!

TOP TITS

I looked up the word "breasts" in my Oxford English today. Wanna know what their definition is?

Breasts (bre'sts), *n*,: two organs on a woman's body, at the front between the neck and the stomach: milk producing organs to feed the young.

All of which goes to show that the boffs who produce the dictionary obviously know fuck all about what breasts are *really* for. They're for having a come shower, that's what.

And I know you'll all agree that that's the only real definition for a lovely, juicy pair of wobblers. But I still wouldn't mind getting breast-fed by *this* pair. – *Gary Garbonza.* ♣

all over those brown arse cheeks. Her tanned arse was a mass of creamy white goo by the time I'd finished spunking.

I'd watched the whole thing in the mirror. I wiped my now wilting prick on her panties which didn't please her too much. She even expected me to wipe off my spunk with bog paper. I ask you, these women expect you to do everything for them, don't they? We're going to pay another visit to the loo next time the opportunity arises. – *Neil, Middlesex*

Advantage Wendy

Dear Ed,
Re: Vol 17 No 7, Wendy. Now that you have had two hours on your own with the loveliness of the above perhaps you could tell us your thoughts on the experience.
Yours expectantly, – *JC, Amersham*

That story about Wendy was a cheap jibe from the Production Ed. I never take advantage of the models. I sometimes let them take advantage of me . . . – Ed.

Three Cheers for Rears

Time and again I keep going back to the local newsagent to see what's on offer erotica wise. Every time I seem to end up having to make do with Club (*Charming – Ed*) because yours is one of the few which cater to people's tastes and fantasies.

In Vol 17 No 5 I was very taken by the charming Gemma. What a lovely *bum* she's got! I sometimes wonder why the truly erotic

Dear Stacy,

I bought Club Vol 17 No 8 yesterday. When I saw you on the front cover I thought you looked so gorgeous, so fuckable. My dick is throbbing and I am lost for words. Needless to say, I was ecstatic when I turned to page 92 and there you were parading your privates (excuse the pun). Really Stacy, I have fallen head over heels in love with you; you're the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and that is saying something, because Club manage to find real beauties. But you are literally the tops.

I fantasize about you all the time, and am constantly wanking over your pictures. One of my fantasies is that you and I are alone together on a camping trip, in a two-man tent. We spend all our trip fucking each other silly. You're wearing those blue denim shorts, which may I just say really got me turned on. I slip my hand into your loose shorts and bury my fingers into your waiting snatch. You give me the most exhilarating blow-job I have ever had, as I suck out the love juices which stream from your cunt. By this time I am surprised the small tent is still standing, as our naked bodies are bucking and writhing in sexual frenzy.

I massage and suck your tits, as you lower yourself on top of me. You buck as my penetration sends you wild. We continue our lovemaking under the moon and stars, until we both finally collapse on to our sleeping bags, our naked bodies entwined as we sleep with satisfaction. – *Shaun, North Yorks*

I love camping, Shaun – but not as much as I loved your fantasy about me! – Stacy ♣

WIN TEN VIDEOS

ALL CUT UP

If you want to see what this lady saw (or should I say sawed) you can, courtesy of Colourbox Video. And unlike her unfortunate clients you won't have to pay an arm and a leg for the privilege. We're giving away ten free copies of *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers* (yes, really) and you can make one your own by writing something painfully funny to go with this little pic.

You'd have to be pretty sick to watch a video about a bunch of women whose idea of giving a guy a good time is to chop him up in itsy bitsy pieces but I'm sure that won't hold you back – it sure didn't bother us. And if you think it's too gory you should have seen the bits they cut. (Geddit?)

Scribble something sharp and snappy on this little form and send it to: All Cut Up Competition, The Editor's Armoury, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Best ten out of the Editor's sock drawer win this tasteful number. If they've not curled up and died by then. ♣

NAME..

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IN·THE·BAG

photos seem either hard to obtain, or else are merely too restrained. But Gemma's got the perfect approach: the way she effortlessly sticks her rear up! What I want to see more of is the sexy writhing style; to give you an idea of what I mean, take Denise (Vol 17 No 4). I loved the way she put her hands beside her buttocks whilst turning for the camera.

The way Denise looks makes it a dream to wank. I also liked Dee standing over the Volkswagen. I couldn't resist her style of showing her bottom, except that she seemed a bit too frozen. She should spread her backside more; the spread works better when girls lift their bums up with a twitch or a jerk. The way Denise poses full frontal (brilliantly) is a lesson to all your models about how to go about showing their gorgeous rears! *– Alan, Sunderland*

Lots of Charlotte

Sheer lust drives me to write to you about Charlotte, in Vol 17 No 7. She really had me squirming. Her wide-open legs and perfect, delicate pussy were the most erotic invitation I've ever seen, demanding – and getting – several pussy-loads of spunk from my eager prick. And her face, with such beautiful, searching eyes, says the same thing to me every time I gaze at her: "Fuck me!" Her expression is *so* sexy. I've even wanked off just looking at her lovely face, and imagining those sexy lips round my pulsing cock. I implore you to show us more and more of this wonderful girl. *– Brian, Oldham*

And if you turn to page 28, you'll see we agree with you, Brian!

On the Meat Beat

Having been a regular reader of Club for about seven years, I have decided to put pen to paper and tell you about a couple of my favourite interests.

Firstly, although I am a happily married man of 28, I still really enjoy a good session with my right hand, a jar of the wife's moisturising cream, and a copy of your mag. My wife knows I enjoy a good wank, and likes the idea of me tossing off.

She discovered about my little pastime before we were married when, one afternoon she found a copy of Club in my bedside cabinet, and later, as we were in bed, asked me if we could read it together. I was rather embarrassed at first, but after a few minutes of reading through the stories together, she put her hand on my cock, which was rather stiff. "My word," she said. "Does looking through magazines like this always have this effect on you?" After a bit of a pause and a lot of blushing, I admitted that it did. She asked me how many mags I had, and how often I looked at them. By now she was massaging my cock firmly, and so I sussed that she was teasing me. I said I had quite a few hidden in the wardrobe, and that I looked through them when I was alone with nothing to do.

Then squeezing my cock, she said, "And what do you do with this while you are looking at all the naked girls in the pictures?" Before I had a chance to say, "Nothing really," she said with a grin, "You don't need to tell me. I think I already know the answer." She then said, "Lie back and let me do it for you."

She got out a jar of my favourite cream, and applying a blob to my circumcised eight inches proceeded to give me a lovely slow wank, all the time asking me how often I wanked, and when I did it,

Tina Gets It Off Her Chest

The woman with the wobblers that watch the world speaks out on the vital issues of our day. This month: chipboard.

It's incredible stuff, chipboard. You can make little holes in it when you're bored, or use it as a raft when you're shipwrecked, put a veneer on it and make nice furniture, saw off little bits of it and make them into earrings – anything. You can even make a nourishing soup out of it, though it doesn't taste very nice.

All that usefulness from a few humble bags of chips. Makes you think, eh? If we were all a bit more like chipboard, the world might be a better and happier place.

So next time you don't fancy those last greasy chips at the bottom of the bag, don't just throw 'em out; nip round to the local woodyard, and see they're put to good use.♣

and generally teasing me about my naughty little hobby. This resulted in a massive ejaculation.

Sue says she doesn't mind me wanking so long as she never catches me "at it," and so long as she gets her fair share at the weekends (which she always does). So you could say that I enjoy the best of both worlds.

Not only do I enjoy reading and wanking over your magazine, but I also get great pleasure from actually buying it every month. But I cannot buy my Club unless the newsagent in question has the right "Buying Conditions." By this I mean it must be a quiet shop which is usually empty, and the assistant must be female (I cannot bring myself to buy a men's mag from a man; it must be a female).

There are a number of newsagents on my list but one in particular scores 10 out of 10 for "Buying Conditions." It is in a small village about eight miles from where I live, and from the road, it is possible to see if there is anyone in the shop. So I can wait in the car until they leave before going in. Secondly, the young lady behind the counter is an absolute cracker and very friendly as well. It really makes my cock stir to go into the shop and buy my Club from her, and if I am feeling really daring, I will browse through the mag for a minute before buying, knowing that she can probably see the pictures; and what I am going to do when I get home must be fairly obvious to her, as she always gives me a lovely saucy smile as I hand over my money. It is well worth the time and the petrol to visit this particular newsagent.

Thanks for many hours of pleasure! – *JLD, Midlands*

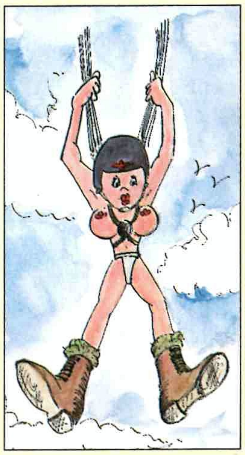
Who's That Girl?

On the cover of Vol 17 No 6 you featured a *stunning* blonde. Firstly I wondered who she is, and secondly if she will be featured in any future issue of your excellent magazine, or if she has been included in any previous issues. If she has then I for one would like to know which ones.

I am sure that many readers will be intrigued by this mystery blonde. Can you help? – *JJT, Gwynedd*

We're trying to persuade the lady to pose, but so far she's declined. So until a few more of you write in to help, the blonde will have to stay a mystery. – Ed.

BAD JOKE

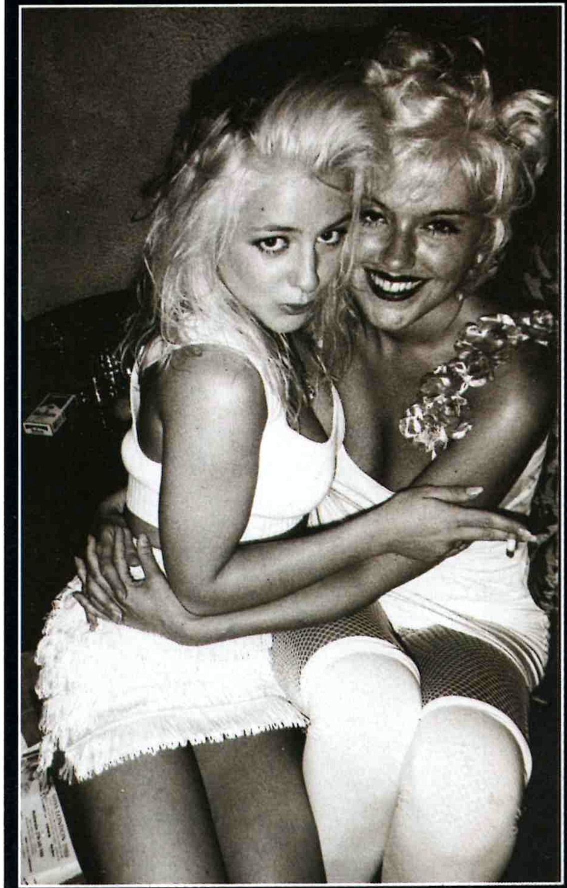


Q: Why do women parachutists wear jock straps on their way down?
A: So they don't whistle.

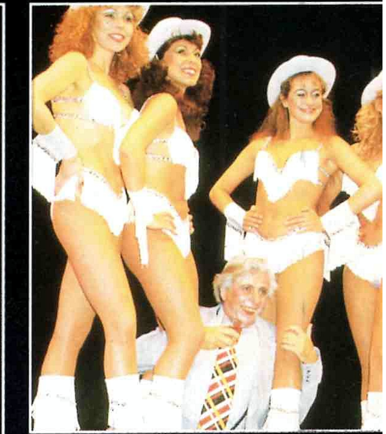
And Ian of Luton is the man with the sick worm's eye view of the cosmos, and the bag of Club goodies into the bargain.♣

Snapped!

Funny, but whenever we go out with a Brownie these days we see loads of famous beautiful women – and *all their clothes fall off.* Well, almost.



At Stringfellows, Wild Child Emma Ridley (and friend) shows that School's very definitely Out – along with just about everything else

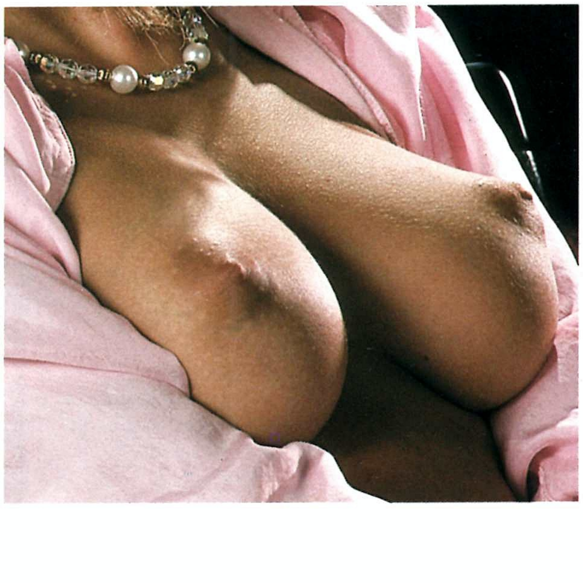


Cultural attache Sir Les Patterson knows what he wants in life: a drink in one hand and a gaggle of Pommie possums in the other

Julian Lennon looks very keen to park his yellow submarine in Katy Wagner's strawberry fields

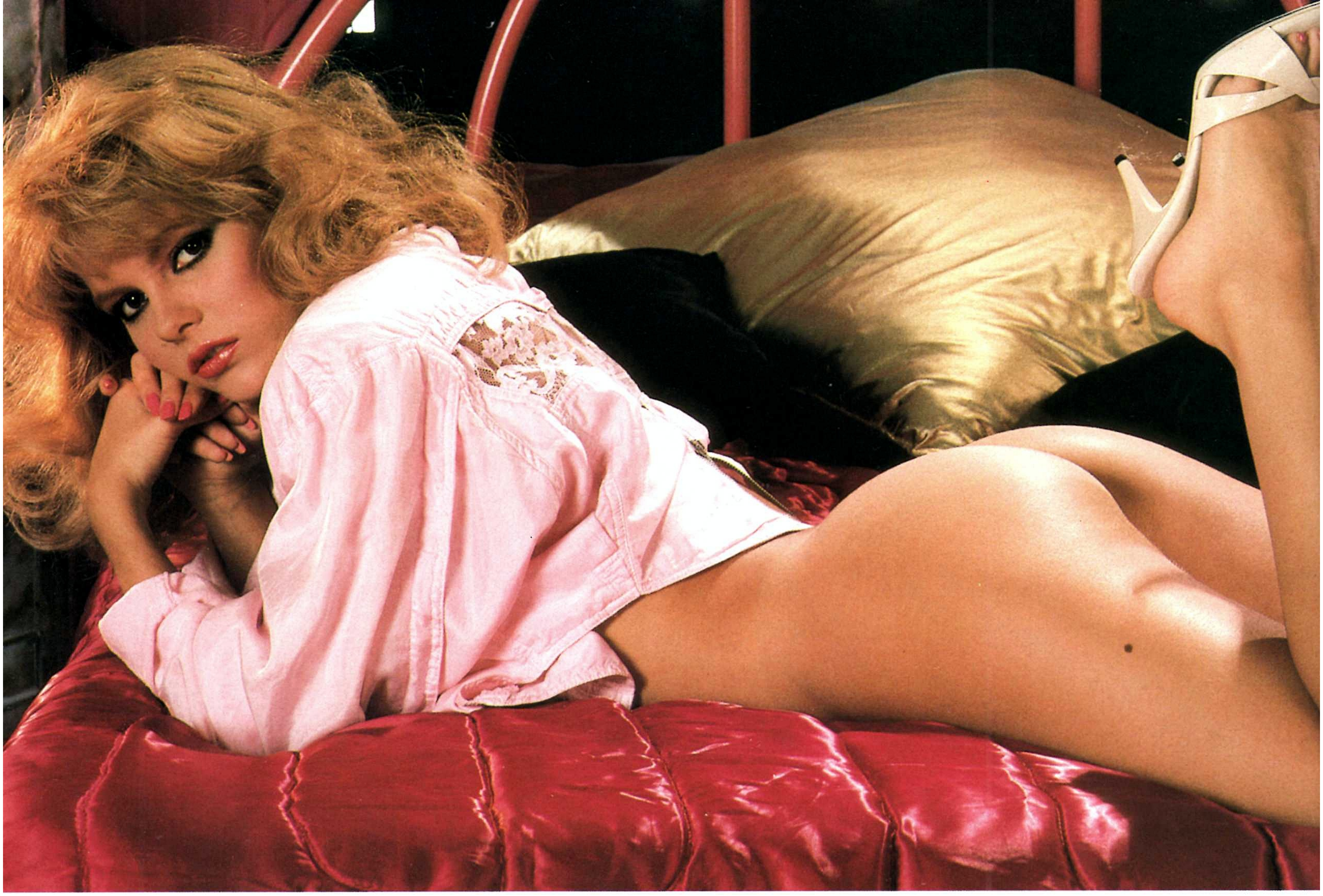
Leggy Lesley-Anne's gone Down with an attack of modesty – but she's still happy to give us a thighful

CHARLOTTE



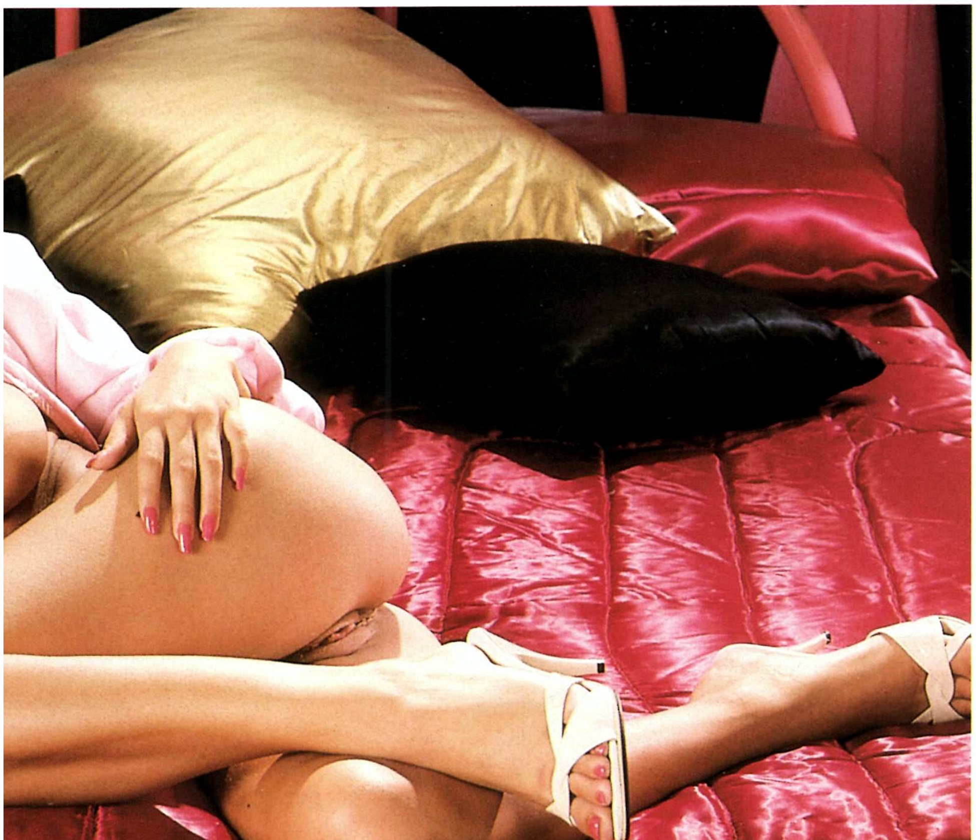
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY VINCENT

Since we told you in Vol 17 No 7 that there was nothing *of the missionary about Charlotte, you've been writing to us in droves to clamour for a return visit from the gorgeous 19-year-old with* that *mohican pussy. We thought we'd ask Charlotte herself*



about her famous fur.

"Actually," she confessed with a saucy glint in those bedroom eyes, "that was a total accident. I was trying to trim my bush for the first time and the scissors



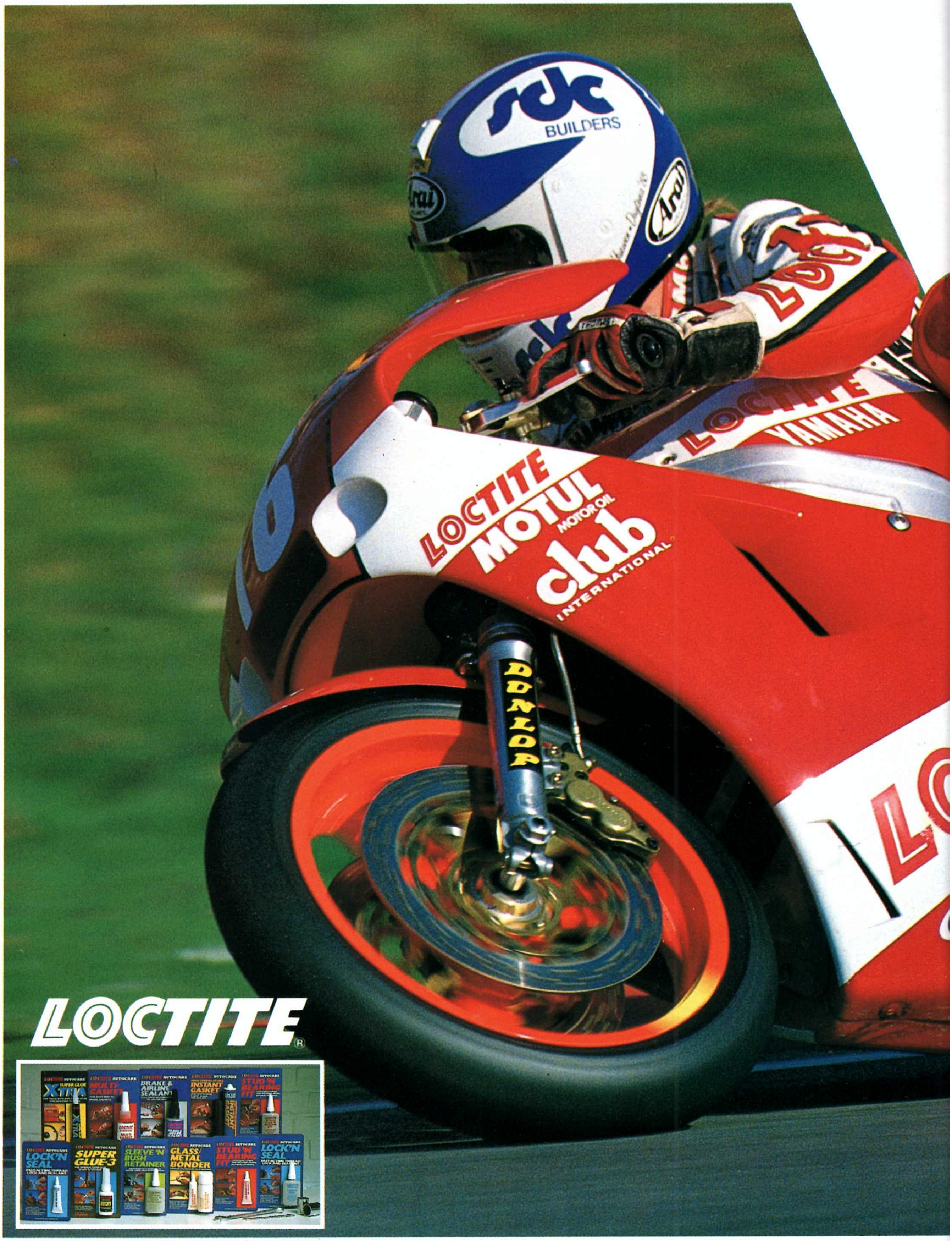
slipped! So I had to trim it to look the same shape all over – which left the mohican look. Now, I like it so much I trim it like this on purpose!"

Has it helped her career, then?

"Oh yes, since I first appeared in Club I've been snowed under with offers – of all kinds. I did this shoot in New York, and who knows where I'll pop up next!"

Hopefully back here, lads. ♣

TEAM LOCTITE® YAMAHA



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Racing Ahead

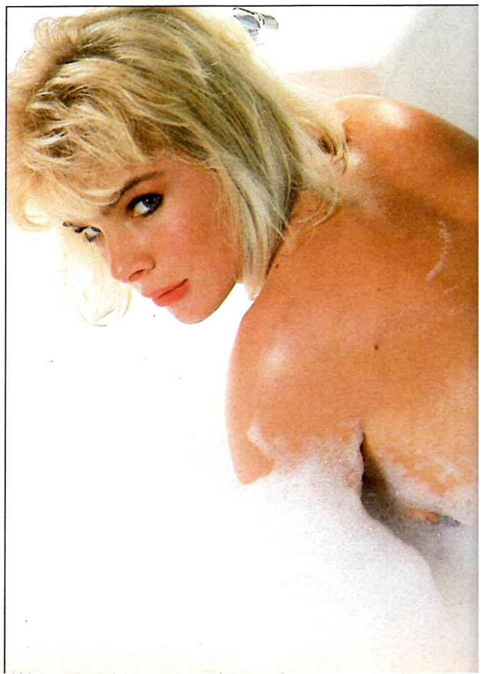
ASK YOU NAME IT, MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

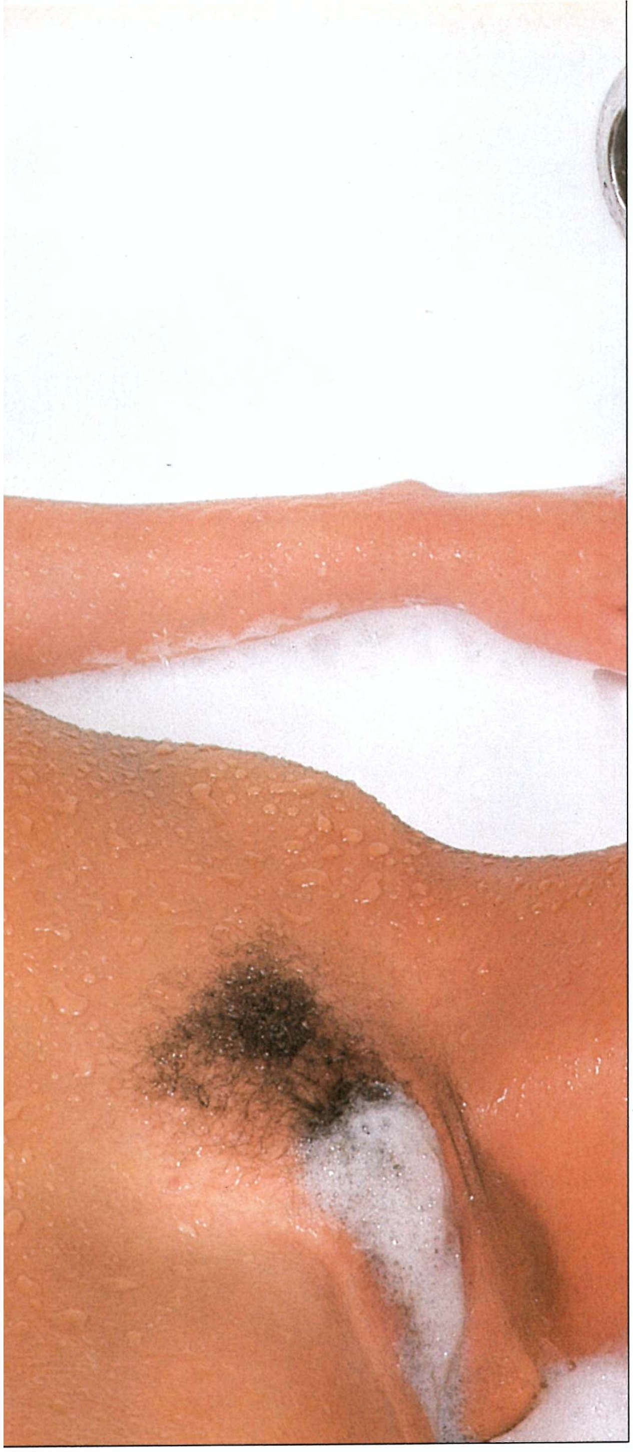
ANDREA

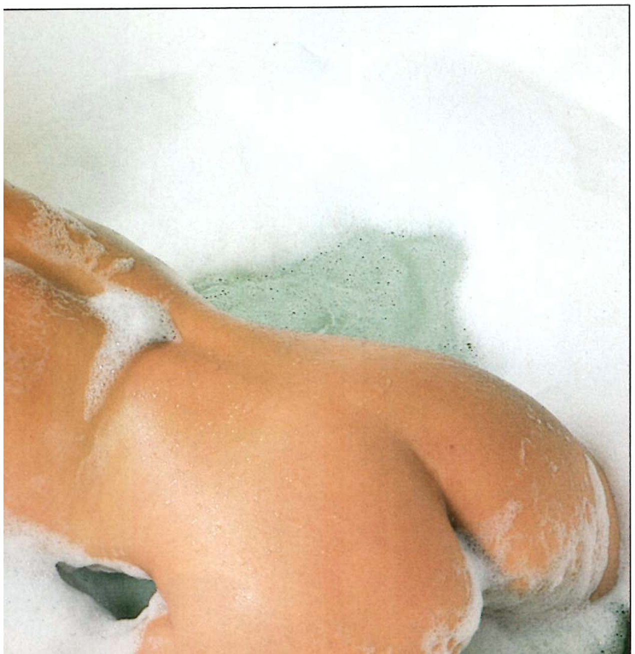
Andrea's got herself into a right old lather this month. It's those soap bubbles – they get *everywhere*. Not that Andrea minds about that.

"I love the feeling of all those soapy, slippery bubbles sliding over my boobs. I just lie back and imagine it's a guy's hands, all warm and wet, running over my whole body. I love to think of all of you finding those secret little places, just like the bubbles. And I love that hot, wet feeling all over me, because it reminds me of something else – and I'm sure you don't need me to tell you what I mean!

"I know that seeing me in my bath is going to get a lot of you *very* randy indeed, because I had hundreds of letters asking to







see me like this. The best one came from George and Charlie, from a certain estate agent's in Northampton, who said they'd love to massage all those bubbles into my smooth tits and soap my body all over. Mmmmm. But I won't tell you what they wanted to do next – I'll leave that to your very vivid imaginations!" ♣

letters to ANDREA

Dear Andrea,

I've just returned from three months in Western Australia. It was great, plenty of warm sunshine – but no you. I've missed you, Andrea, all of you. Let me tell you my fantasy.

I imagine that I'm in my lounge watching television when my door bell rings. I get up to answer it and there you stand with a fur coat on. All you have on under it is a belly dancer's outfit, with a tassle hanging from your glorious, suckable tits and veils hanging from your waist, bangles on your arms and legs and a jewel glistening in your navel.

You produce a tape from a small bag on your wrist and tell me to play it. It's a tape of sexy, Middle Eastern music with a throbbing drumbeat. As soon as it starts you begin to shake, writhe and wriggle, slowly at first then faster and faster, taking off your veils at the same time.

You beckon me to take off

the vital one that's left covering your lovely, wide open cunt. I crawl to you and slowly caress your legs up from your ankles to your aromatic snatch. When my mouth is level with it my tongue licks it all round until you bend back and I bury my tongue deep inside while my hands grasp your backside, pulling you closer. This makes you jerk like a thing possessed and you come all over my face.

Then I slide my mouth up to yours and my huge, hungry cock buries itself deep into your wet, throbbing cunt; we have the most wonderful fuck. Then it's your turn to slide down me and take my cock into your mouth and suck and bite me until I shoot my sperm all over your hot, wonderful body. – Robert, Milton Keynes

Funnily enough, I've got a tape of that throbbing Middle Eastern music somewhere . . .

Dear Andrea,

I have so enjoyed seeing the pictures of you in Club that I must write to ask you if you would fulfil my fantasy, in the same erotic way that you have done for others.

My request is to see you in tennis gear. I know you would look far more sexy than any of the girls we have ever seen at Wimbledon. I can just imagine your tanned, supple body flexing as you move about on the court. Just thinking about the sight of you makes me drool. You can certainly play with my balls anytime!

You would be wearing the shortest of white tennis skirts, a pair of pink, fuzzy ankle socks and white tennis shoes. Your flowing blonde hair would be restrained by a white head-band and the smooth white material of your low-cut top would be tightly hugging your firm breasts as they bounced about. It would definitely be an advantage Andrea if I saw you like this.

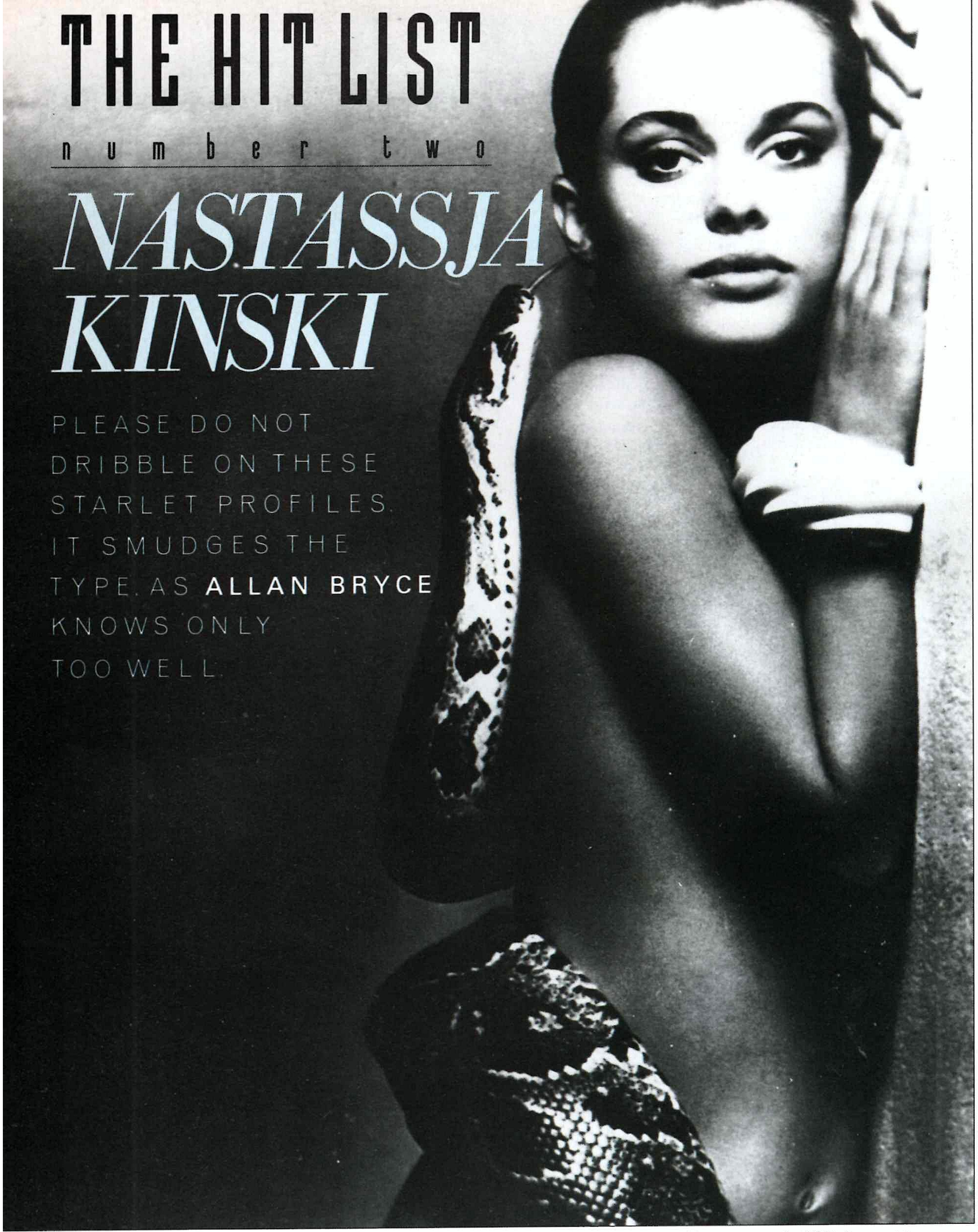
As you bend over you reveal the skimpiest of white panties, barely covering your juicy cunt. You are fondling the thick shaft of the tennis racquet in your hands, close to your welcoming thighs, imagining what you would like to do with it. Thanks for the immeasurable pleasure you have given me so far. If you dressed in tennis gear, it would be game, set and snatch, Andrea! – Andrew, London

I've always been known as a sporting girl, and I'd certainly enjoy doing a set like this. Those hard balls, those racquets . . . What do other readers reckon? ♣

Well, what would YOU like to see Andrea do? Write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and leave the rest to us!

THE HIT LIST

number two



NASTASSJA KINSKI

PLEASE DO NOT DRIBBLE ON THESE STARLET PROFILES. IT SMUDGES THE TYPE, AS **ALLAN BRYCE** KNOWS ONLY TOO WELL.

With her big brown eyes, full, sensuous lips and stunningly sexy figure, Nastassja Kinski certainly has a lot going for her. It's no surprise that they cast this beautiful German actress in **Cat People**. She looks cat-like and dangerous, exuding a sexual magnetism that is almost tangible. Add to this an acting talent that has been compared to that of a youthful Katharine Hepburn and you have some of the reasons why she has shot to fame in the last decade as a major international star.

Nastassja was born in Berlin in 1961, the daughter of well-known German actor Klaus Kinski, and spent her early childhood following her busy dad around the world, attending schools in Rome, Munich and Caracas and learning a number of languages. At the tender age of eight she started modelling for magazines, but her first film appearance didn't come until she was into her early teens.

Big screen opportunity knocked for her when the wife of German director Wim Wenders spotted her dancing the night away at a Munich rock club. "That girl has got something," she said, and her husband didn't have to put his specs on to see it. He gave the youngster a small part in **Falsche Bewegung** (**Wrong Move**, 1974). Two years later she made her English speaking debut in a mediocre Hammer horror picture called **To The Devil . . . A Daughter**, playing the satanic offspring of the title and displaying her voluptuous figure in a way that even had Christopher Lee's eyes popping!

In 1977 she went to America to study at Lee Strasberg's famed Actors' Studio, and it was while she was there that she was noticed by the controversial film director Roman Polanski, a man who knows jail-bait when he sees it. He was very taken with the young actress and planned to use her in a film. But shortly afterwards Polanski was forced to flee the United States to escape a jail sentence for indiscretions with a minor (and I *don't* mean Arthur Scargill) and some years went by before he

eventually sought out Kinski to play the lead role in **Tess**, his adaptation of Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbevilles*.

Tess was the perfect role for Kinski. As Hardy's hapless heroine she projected just the right amount of innocent sensuality, and in fact worked very hard to prepare for the part by spending five months on a Dorset farm to get her accent right. Despite fears that the film would lose out on the American market because of Polanski's notoriety there, it went on to be showered with Oscars and became a major international hit, establishing its young star as one of the faces of the 80s.

One person who was particularly impressed with Kinski's performance in *Tess* was acclaimed film maker Francis Ford Coppola, the gifted director of pictures like *The Godfather* and *Apocalypse Now*. On the strength of it he offered her a chance to make her American acting debut in a big budget romantic fantasy he was about to start shooting at his Zoetrope studios.

The film was **One From The Heart** (1982), a 26 million dollar extravaganza that nearly ended up bankrupting Coppola. It was not a happy experience for Kinski either, who found herself somewhat confused by the director's technique of having her improvise a great deal of her dialogue. There was also a much-publicised falling out with the film's Oscar-winning cameraman Vittorio Storaro, who she accused of photographing her in an unflattering way. The film flopped badly at the box office, but Kinski was wrong about the photography – she looked truly stunning as the circus acrobat who seduces hero Frederic Forrest.

Her choice of roles did not noticably improve with her next American picture. The glossy horror pic **Cat People** (1984) was a graphic remake of a classic 1940s psychological thriller about a female who thought she was turning into a feline. There were not many opportunities here for serious acting, but audiences certainly saw plenty of the delectable star as she prowled around in the altogether as a member of a rare tribe of people who become flesh-eating animals when sexually aroused.

The film was heavily criticised for its strong sex and violence content, which apparently was far more explicit than Kinski originally agreed to. She was certainly far from pleased with the end result and even threatened to sue the studio unless they removed some of her nude scenes. When they refused to do so she declined to do any publicity for the film, but the row had already hit the headlines and ensured the movie was a commercial success, even though few critics had a decent word to say about it.

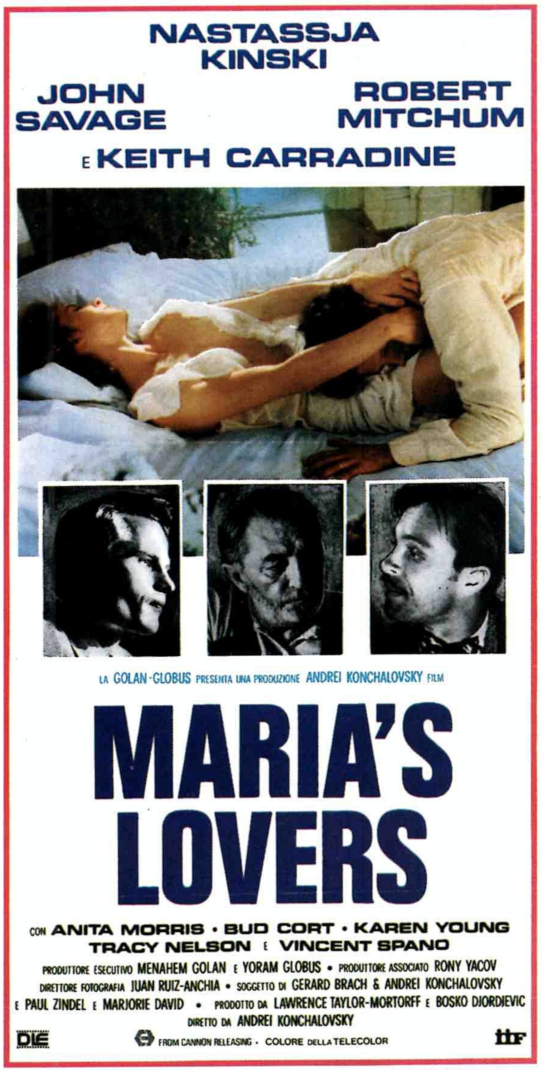
"I don't always do what is right for me," conceded the actress after this, and then proved the point by taking a star role in a barmy thriller called **Exposed**, even after her mother had read the script and advised her to toss it in the waste bin. This box office loser cast her in the role of an innocent young country girl who goes to Hollywood and is transformed overnight into a top fashion model. She then meets up with a concert violinist (Rudolf Nureyev) who is on the track of a gang of terrorists, and you can take it from there. Most audiences just didn't bother.

Slightly better for her growing reputation was a role in Jean-Jacques Beineix's **Moon In The Gutter** (1983), a sequel to the same director's celebrated *Diva*, and the female lead in the Dudley Moore comedy **Unfaithfully Yours**, a remake of the 1948 Preston Sturges classic which allowed her to demonstrate a delightful flair for light farce.

There was still no shortage of work for the sultry star though. She quickly went on to appear in the heavyweight romance **Maria's Lovers** with Robert Mitchum, and then turned up in the critically acclaimed Wim Wenders road movie **Paris, Texas** as the wife that Harry Dean Stanton had spent the whole film looking for. In fact, Kinski only appears in the last half hour of the picture, as a smouldering siren (and *that's* an understatement!) working in a peep show, but her presence is tremendous.

Nastassja's most recent movie appearances have been in that epic disaster **Revolution**, of which the less said the better, where she played a headstrong rebel helping Al Pacino win the War of Independence, and **Harem**, an overblown melodrama in which she was kidnapped by decadent Arab prince Ben Kingsley (Gandhi running a harem?!) and subjected to almost as many ordeals as the audience.

The actress herself is the first to admit that she has been "unlucky" in her choice of roles. "But," she adds optimistically, "they have all been good experience for me." On paper, her list of credits looks impressive. She has worked with some of the greatest stars and directors of our time. As yet, no film of hers has excited the critics or the public as much as *Tess*. But at the tender age of 27, Nastassja still has much more experience to gain (and that's good news for us, too!). There's talk of a further collaboration with Polanski and another comedy with Cuddly Dudley, so undoubtedly her best work is to come. And it's worth remembering that Katharine Hepburn, with whom she has often been compared, didn't actually make her first movie until she was 26 – and she certainly didn't fade out overnight! We're certain Nastassja won't, either. ♣


NASTASSJA KINSKI
JOHN SAVAGE
ROBERT MITCHUM
E KEITH CARRADINE
LA GOLAN-GLOBUS PRESENTA UNA PRODUZIONE ANDREI KONCHALOVSKY FILM
MARIA'S LOVERS
CON ANITA MORRIS • BUD CORT • KAREN YOUNG
TRACY NELSON E VINCENT SPANO
PRODUTTORE ESECUTIVO MENAHEM GOLAN E YORAM GLOBUS • PRODUTTORE ASSOCIATO RONY YACOV
DIRETTORE FOTOGRAFIA JUAN RUIZ-ANCHIA • SOGGETTO DI GERARD BRACH & ANDREI KONCHALOVSKY
E PAUL ZINDEL E MARJORIE DAVID • PRODOTTO DA LAWRENCE TAYLOR-MORTORFF E BOSKO DJORDJEVIC
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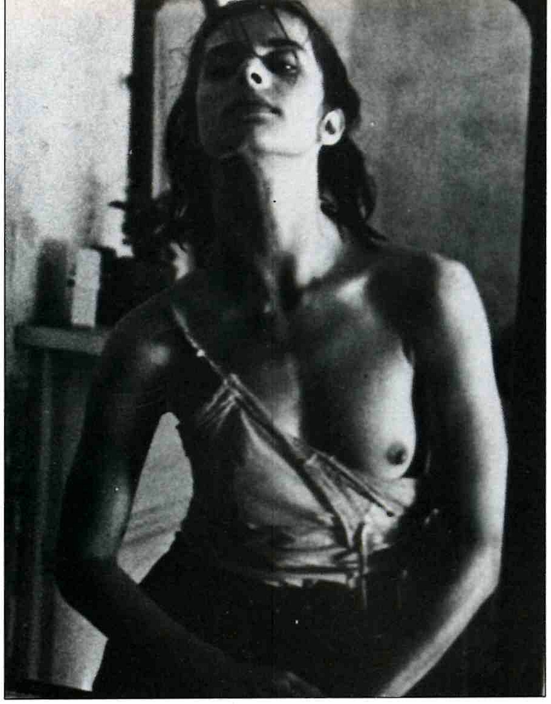
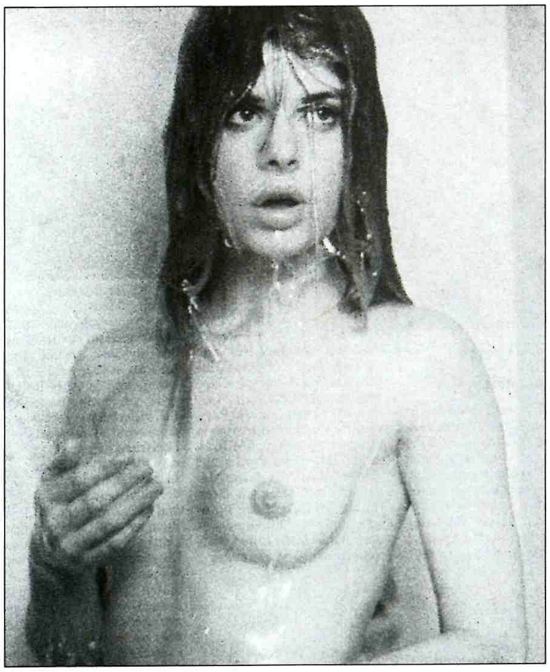
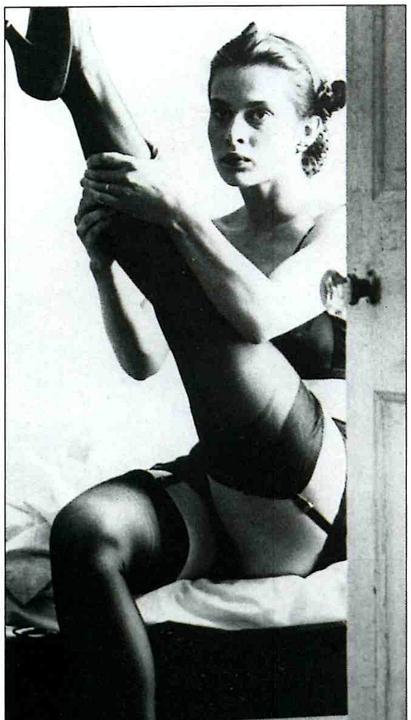
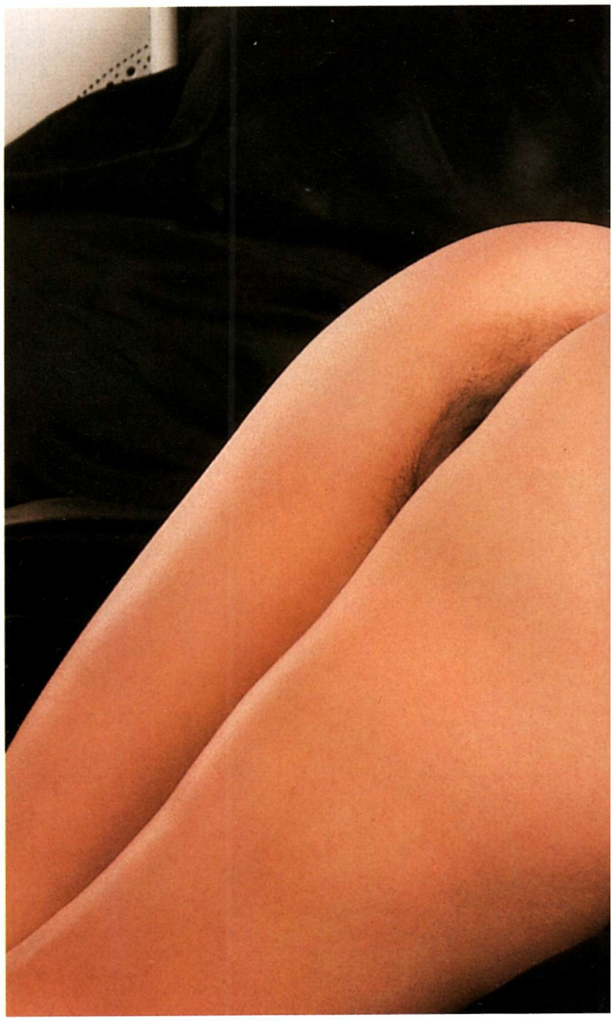






Above: Kinski sluices down in *Cat People*. **Left:** the lady's stocking trade in *Maria's Lovers*. **Opposite page:** animal passion in *Cat People*, circus tricks in *One From The Heart*.



Vicky

Photographs by Rupert Daines

The first thing you notice about Vicky is her arse. That firm brown bum, those pert, luscious, strokable love bumpers just seem to drown your vision when you look at her. And Vicky's well aware of it.

"I know very many men who really love my backside," the popular femme fatale told us. "Most of the men I sleep with tell me it's the best they've ever seen. And after my appearance in Club last year, I had hundreds of letters from bottom lovers who wanted to play with it."

Hardly surprising. But what *has* Vicky been up to since that last appearance?

"Since last December, I've set up the little business I spoke of to you. It's in Nantes, and we make and sell kinky

underwear! You know, all kinds of corsets, peephole bras, crotch less panties – and in all sorts of weird materials. And naturally there's only one model in our catalogue – me!" ♣

Vicky
club

FICTION

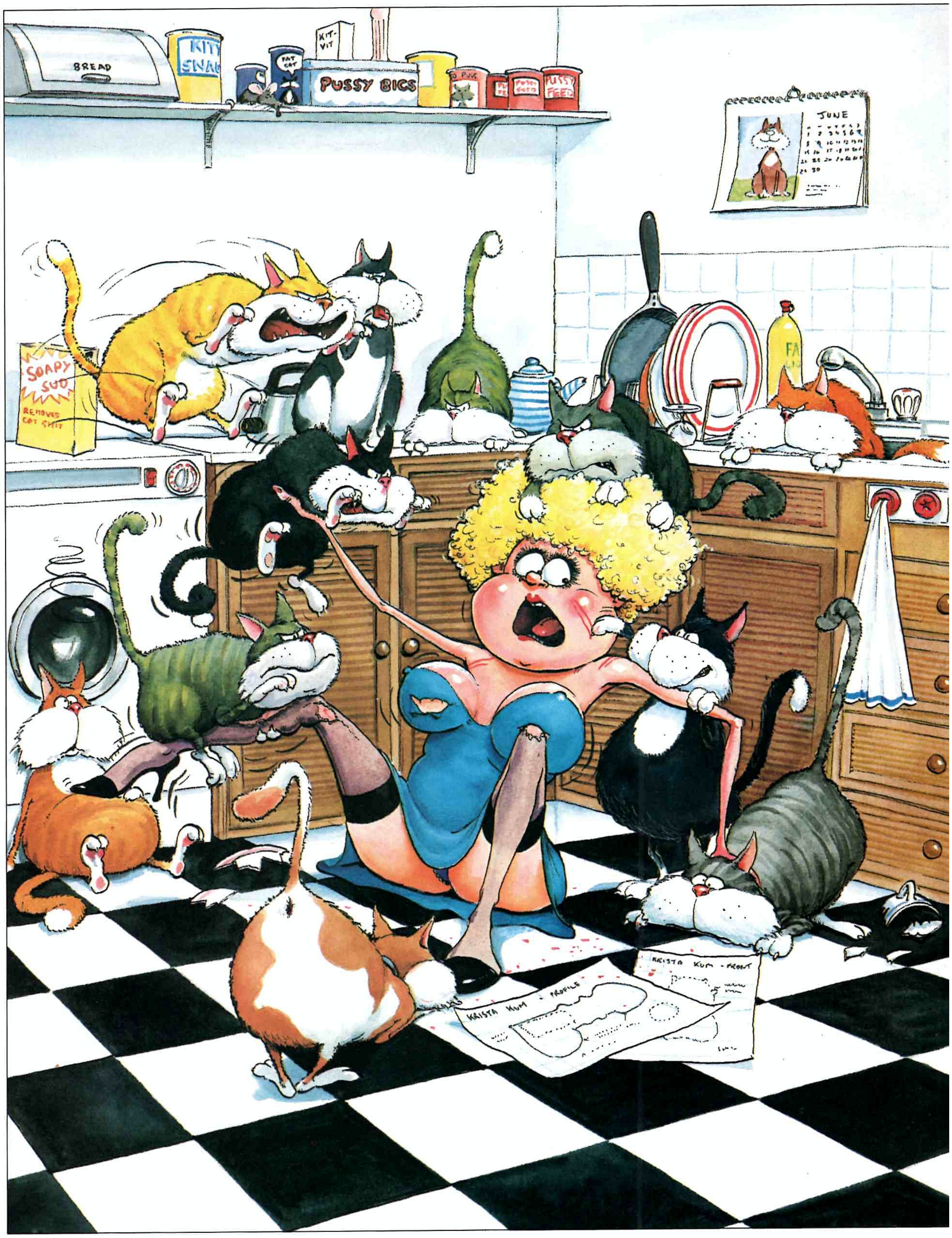


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GRIFFITHS

PUSSY GALORE

Barry's life was filled with loads of pussies. And boy, were they ferocious. Unfortunately, they were mostly the feline kind...

BY RICHARD McCORY

My girlfriend Krista couldn't take my job seriously at first. I said, "Darling, there's nothing funny about sex aids. Come up to the office sometime and I'll show you the size of my market share." But she didn't take me up on it. Krista can be pretty snooty when she wants.

I'm Product Designer at Just Coming. Haven't been doing it long. First of all everything was hunky dory. The staff seemed a nice bunch. There was always someone you could sink a few beers with at lunchtime in the staff bar, Rubber Rita's; and whenever I ran into the boss, Mr Thomas, he'd hold out whatever it was I'd recently invented, ripple his chins and say, "Love it, Bazzer-boy, love it!" Then, with a huge stage-wink, "And so does the wife."

When I'd been here about four months the atmosphere suddenly went as sour as last year's yoghurt. I went into the bar after work one day and when I walked through that door it was like someone had just pressed the mute button on the TV control. I said, "Who's for a pint?" Normally I'd have been trampled in the rush but that day they all sat there counting the E numbers on their packets of cheese and onion. I couldn't make it out.

First of all I figured they thought I wasn't pulling my weight. I decided to step up my output and I started bringing work home. Krista didn't like that at all.

I loved my job but I had to admit that it was physically very taxing. Well, you can imagine – I'd come home with maybe six or eight prototypes, lock myself in the bedroom; I could be in there for anything up to five hours, fine tuning and so on. I remember staggering out one night, white and weak-kneed. Krista walked over to me and brushed a sweaty lock back from my brow. "Barry," she said, "you look terrible. Why are you doing this to yourself? It's only a job, for God's sake!"

I hugged her sympathetically. "Well love," I said, "some poor sod's got to do it. I know it's hard for you."

She said, "If it was hard for *me* I certainly wouldn't be complaining."

I told her if she felt left out she could always help with the testing herself, but she just looked at me like I was the shit on her shoe and went off to play with her cats instead.

Krista's a beautiful woman but sometimes I think deep down, or even not so deep down, she's cold. Those cats she takes in are the only things she really cares about.

All my overtime didn't do anything to lighten the mood at work. Blokes who used to be really matey wouldn't even eat their burger and chips beside me in the staff canteen. The more I thought about it the more I realised it couldn't be my work that was at fault.

Even what was initially my least successful design, the total body vibrator – TVB – had made us a packet once I suggested we re-package it and sell it as a slimming aid.

My next invention, still very hush hush, would outstrip even the TVB. I had called it after Krista in the hope of getting back in her good books. Krista-Kum was the work of a genius and it was the boss, not me, who said it.

How could he call me a genius one minute and shun me the next? My motto has always been start at the top. If I wanted to know why I was out of favour at Just Coming, Thomas was the bloke I should ask.

I went up to his office suite but he wasn't there. Cora, his new assistant, was on the phone in the outer office negotiating some complex deal involving a vast shipment of latex that had been impounded. She signalled to me that I should sit down and wait.

I lowered myself on to the couch. It was pale pink leather, made in the shape of six enormous breasts – three for the seat, three for the back. The nipples were bloody uncomfortable. However you arranged your body one jabbed you in the bum and another in the middle of the back.

While I was waiting for Thomas to appear I took surreptitious little glances at Cora. Her job, like mine, included product testing, but her body seemed to be bearing up better. She was lovely to look at – exotic with a broad, high-cheekboned face and full red lips. She had a lazy look to her. Her eyes were permanently half closed and when her long black hair swung across her face she never bothered to push it back, just watched you through a curtain. She was small but round in the right places.

I was looking at one, or should I say two, of those places when she spotted me watching her. I could see from the way she drew her brows together she knew I wasn't staring at her yucca plant. I grabbed a catalogue off the coffee table and switched my eyes to that, but for a while I looked through it without taking in what it was.

How could you hate a woman who sucked spaghetti like that?

When I realised I was angry with myself for not getting hold of a copy sooner. I'd been under a lot of pressure but that was no excuse. This was the spring catalogue of our greatest rivals, The Big Bang. It made depressing reading.

Take the penis ring I'd come up with – I'd thought it was totally different from anything else on the market, I'd spent days getting those special features right and now, before it was out, The Big Bang had launched something virtually identical.

I looked at the illustration more closely. It *was* identical. I turned the page, and there was my Catwoman suit (inspired by Krista). And not just Catwoman; Batman, Captain Black, all my Supervillain/Superhero Fantasy Experience costumes were there!

I jumped up and thrust the pages under Cora's eyes. "What's this?" I yelled.

She looked at the catalogue. She looked at me. She gave me one of those slow, lizardy blinks she specialised in. She said, very coolly, "I think there are a few people in this company who'd like to ask you that." She propped her chin in her hands. When she did that she got a deep dimple to the left of her mouth. I stared at it. She said, "I've got one on my bum just the same," and smiled. Lubba lubba.

"Barry," she said in a soft confiding little voice, deep and sweet and chocolatey, "strictly between ourselves, how much did The Big Bang give you for those blueprints?"

"Cora," I said, outraged, "do I look like the kind of bloke who would . . ?"

Cora dropped her voice even lower and fiddled with a little blue stone on her necklace. "I don't want you to take this personally," she said. "I like you Barry . . ." (It was the first I'd heard of it.) "I hoped that Mr Thomas could give you this himself. But since he seems to be spending the day on the links you'd better have it from me."

She handed me a letter. It told me that I was suspected of industrial espionage, and was suspended on half pay pending an investigation.

"The ungrateful bastard!" I said. "I've worked my arse off for him."

Cora's gold eyes flicked downwards and fixed on my crotch. She smiled slightly. She said, "Is the testing getting too much for you? Myself, I look on it as a fringe benefit."

"I can handle it," I snarled, "and I can handle this too. I'm going to find out who's been stealing those blueprints."

"When you do," she said, "you *must* tell me." Her voice had a hard little edge of sarcasm to it. "I'd be absolutely fascinated."

When I opened the front door of the flat that evening the cat smell hit me in the nose like a slap with a wet nappy. Krista had two cats when I first knew her, little ones. I thought they were sort of cute. Now there were thirty.

Krista's 'rescued' them; that's what she called it, but these animals didn't look like they needed any Mother Theresa types around. They were big tough street-fighters who came up spitting. Until Krista entered their lives they had nothing in the world but a lot of suss and a better collection of parasites than the Natural History Museum. Now they were in the land of milk and rabbit and they were lapping it up.

The little bastards hated me, though. They were the jealous kind. And, aside from any competitive instincts they had, they didn't take too kindly to my doing experiments on them when I had a gadget that was still too new to test on a human being.

Krista wouldn't have taken too kindly to my using them either, so I didn't tell her. It wasn't as if I did it often. I tried to limit it after I noticed how bad tempered it made them.

I kept a lot of my notes and plans on the bedside table. I often got inspired in the middle of the night and liked to jot things down before I forgot them. In the morning I picked up this pile of papers and shuffled through it. I thought I should take them into the office and hand them over, just to show good faith. Someone might need to work from them while I was away.

The plans for Krista-Kum were on the top of the pile. I put them back on the table. Those I would keep. There were limits to company loyalty.

Since Krista had showed so little interest in my work I wondered whether I should give my invention a new name; Cora-Cum maybe. I made a note to this effect in the margin.

The only problem I could see with my invention was that it was bulky, but there was no way round that. You needed a walk-in model to get the full effect. You closed the door behind you, attached pads to your pulse points, set the timer, flicked a switch and then the machine produced an orgasm that affected every inch of you and lasted as long as you chose. Good, eh?

It wasn't ready for use on humans yet, though. It needed a bit of work, particularly on the longer time settings. I glanced at the report I'd written after that terrible trial run I had with the monkey. Still, every scientific breakthrough has its casualties.

I went back to the office to return the plans, and I saw Cora again. I was unpacking the papers from my briefcase when she spotted me from the corridor. She leant against the doorframe and watched me, her dark eyebrows drawn together in an unspoken question.

"This is all above board," I told her. I bundled the papers into the safe. "Thomas can have the lot any time he wants. He knows the combination."

Cora tapped me lightly on the arm. "Don't be so touchy. I'm not a company woman. I just keep my head down and earn my living."

"Cora," I began, but she interrupted me.

"Just to show there's no ill feeling, how about lunch?"

We eyed each other across a checked tablecloth spattered with bolognese sauce, each sizing the other one up. I thought, I shouldn't be doing this. I knew I was no industrial spy but somebody was. And although it hadn't occurred to me before, Cora was the most likely suspect.

Still, how could you hate a woman who sucked spaghetti like that?

"I'm very lucky," said Cora later, "to work for a man who places such a high priority on reducing his golf handicap. Shall we go in? I want some coffee." The sign on the door to the inner office read 'Mr J Thomas, Managing Director'. There was a lot of speculation among the staff about what the J stood for.

While the coffee machine gurgled to itself Cora stood staring out of the window, watching two window cleaners at work suspended in a cradle on the opposite office block. I sat next to her in a low black leather armchair – no funny designs here, thank God.

Cora wore a short black skirt. Her legs were covered in sheer black nylon. I was feeling a little drunk. I brushed the back of her knees, just to see if she'd react, but she said nothing. I moved my hand to stroke the inside edge of her right knee. I thought, any moment now she'll send me packing. I didn't feel very sure of Cora – that was an understatement – but I thought the way things had been going for me lately I deserved a bit of good luck. I got it.

As I stroked I felt Cora's legs move fractionally apart. I could hear her breathing. I inched my fingers slowly upwards. A little way up and I felt the shock of smooth bare flesh. Cora wore stockings. I explored further. Her knickers were thin and silky. I ran my fingers slowly between her legs. She opened them a little wider. I cupped my hand over her cunt. It felt hot. I slipped my fingers under her knickers. She was wet. I slid a finger inside her and her cunt tightened round it. I pushed her skirt up over her hips and looked at her. I pulled her knickers down and looked at her some more.

She stepped out of them. She said, "I suppose you'd call this research?" Her voice was hoarse.

"What else?" I replied, unbuttoning her red silk blouse and looking at the shadows of her nipples beneath her cream lace bra. "I hope you don't think I would undress another member of staff" – I reached round her and undid her bra, which fell half in and half out of the waste-paper bin – "in anything other than a spirit of scientific enquiry?"

"Well, make it thorough," she said with a look which was partly demure and partly something else entirely. "I wouldn't want to get all worked up for nothing."

"It will be exhaustive, Cora," I said. "That's a promise. By the way, can you touch your toes?"

"Yes, why?" she said, demonstrating, showing me her dimple and her sweet cunt.

I kissed both. "Oh, just curious."

It seemed natural then to slide down off the armchair and on to the carpet. Cora squatted over my face. She said, "In our business you can't afford to" – she moaned a little – "you can't afford to forget that you're offering something extra, an adjunct to the raw unmediated experience of the sexual act; a little – mm, that's good – a little variety. In order to evaluate our work I feel that it is imperative we never lose touch with that basic raw experience."

I agreed with that completely, and would have said so if I hadn't had my tongue in her cunt at the time.

> "How would this country be run if everyone sat round having all-day orgasms?"

I listened to her making low crooning noises in her throat. I love the noises women make when they get excited. After a while I think she thought it was my turn because she got off, reached over and unzipped my fly. Her hand circled my cock and slid rhythmically up and down its length.

I felt on the point of coming already but at the same time I also felt relaxed. For the first time in six months I was going to have sex without a cat bursting in half-way through and tearing my arse apart.

Cora moved to sit astride me, wriggling down and hugging my cock in her tight wet cunt. We moved slowly at first, then got fiercer. Each time I pushed up into her, her body lifted in the air. Her breasts bounced. They were big. She liked to lean backwards and when she did that I went in deeper than ever. Her face had disappeared beneath a crow's wing of black hair but sometimes as she moved her hair would swing to the side and I could see her mouth, half open, swollen and redder than ever.

When we both came her body crumpled down on me for just a second, then, with hardly a pause to get her breath back, she stood up and began to put on her clothes.

Cora walked back with me to my office. She was definitely back in work mode now. She said she wanted to take an inventory of the papers I'd brought back.

When we opened the door I saw that my office had been completely turned over. A huge box of Big Boy vibrators lay on the floor by my drawing board with a heap of paperclips, a smashed vase of daffodils and a black G-string. All my desk drawers had been tipped out. There were scratch marks round the door of the safe but whoever had done the damage hadn't managed to get it open.

Cora said, "I'm sorry Barry, I misjudged you. Looks like someone else was after those plans."

Just then I saw something that worried me. Half-hidden by the open door was some writing, sprayed on the wall with an aerosol. It read 'Stop Animal Experimentation Now.' It gave me an idea. I didn't like it but it seemed like an idea that was going to hang around.

As we got in my car Cora said, "What's the hurry? Even if it is Krista who's done this she didn't manage to get the plans. You saw for yourself there was nothing disturbed in the safe."

I switched on the ignition.

continued on page 98

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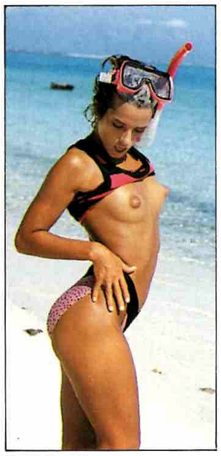
siân

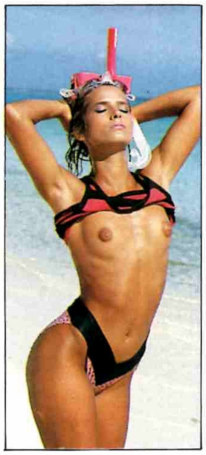
We frequently receive letters from romantic readers. "We love *all* the Club girls," they say. "but what we *really* love is a real grade A Blonde

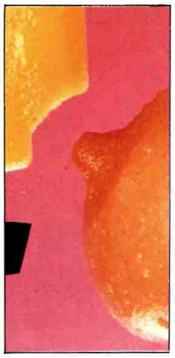
Photographs by Paolo Tallorigo

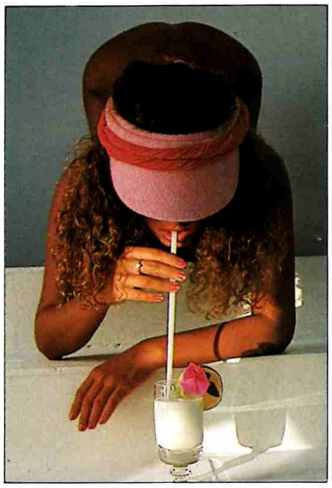
Bombshell." And ever obliging, we've come up with Siân. It's the first time the 21-year-old from Port Talbot has posed nude, but we've no doubt about your reaction to her debut. And hers? "I loved it! I felt so free taking my clothes off – and I'll be doing it more often!" We'll be there. ♣

TALKIN' BLUE









This is the section where you talk to us- and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

SHAFTING SANDS

I've always wanted to have a screw in public, but I never thought I'd dare. There's something so shameless about that – which is why I wanted to do it! But on holiday with my boyfriend earlier this year, we ended up getting so randy on the beach one day that we couldn't stop ourselves.

We'd been lying in the sun for quite a few hours, and the feeling of the heat beating down on my body constantly was getting me pretty randy, to say the least. We were both in our swimming costumes, and my boyfriend started to feel me all over, quite lazily at first but then his groping got a bit more passionate. He rolled over on top of me, lying half on and half off, so I could feel clearly that he was getting a hard-on. By now, he was kissing me all over, and removed my bikini top, putting his hands over my hardening nipples.

I sat up and told him to stop, because I could see several other bathers giving us disapproving stares, and a couple of families had actually moved away from us. But the heat must have got to him, because he took no notice and pulled off my top and actually started to lick my boobs. I could feel a wet patch on my bikini bottoms by now, so I knew there was no going back. The way his prick was poking out of his trunks made that pretty obvious, anyway!

I just gave up worrying and wrapped my legs around him, ignoring what I thought were clicks of disapproval from onlookers. He had got his hand inside my bottoms, so I pushed his trunks down just enough for him to get his cock out. I was just about able to open my legs wide enough for him to put it into my wet slit while keeping my bottoms on. He gave a few good thrusts before spunking, and I came soon afterwards – though I had to do it quietly, instead of howling like I normally do!

I don't know if the people nearby knew we'd actually gone all the way; but I discovered when I looked up that what I'd assumed were disapproving noises from other bathers were actually the clicks from a camera that some dirty minded bloke had been using to take shots of us with! – *Diane, Crayford*

ART FOR ARSE SAKE

In the summer of 1987, when I was only 23, I picked up a temporary job working as a sort of arty sales-rep for a newly-established firm of art materials suppliers in my area.

Not that I know much about art, mind you, but I rather fancied the idea of cruising from art shop to art shop in a shiny red Fiorino, threatening to thrash the dealers over the head with an easel if they didn't order vast supplies of paint and paper from the pretty young lady with the dangly earrings and dapper little titties.

After a few weeks I got the hang of things, and very pleasant it all was too – except for when I had to call at a certain shop in a neighbouring town. This establishment was run by a right old bastard who hated anyone pretty with a *vicious* hate – probably because he himself was such an ugly bug. He was thick as shit, and would always spend ten minutes saying what rubbish our materials were before ordering a ton of the stuff. When I heard he'd been hit by a truck and splattered, I didn't exactly cry myself to sleep, I can tell you – though I *was* healthily concerned about the loss of business.

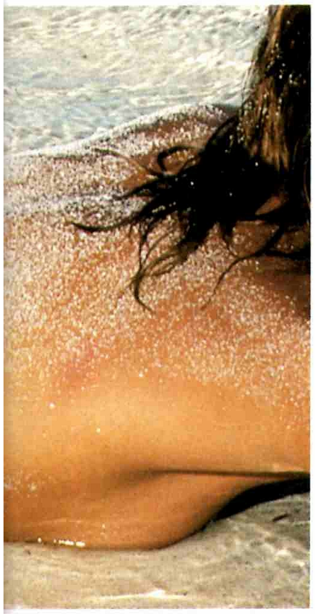
A few days later, as I was driving past the old git's premises, I noticed that the place was just as open for business as ever – regardless of the recent tragic loss to society – so I parked just round the corner and wandered back to the shop to find out what the position was. There were no

customers, and apparently nobody at the counter even, but then I heard the sound of rummaging coming from the store-room behind, and almost immediately footsteps approached – a light, carefully-measured tap-tap-tap of neat little high-heeled shoes on bare wooden boards.

Through the doorway stepped an icily beautiful woman of about 37: tanned, slender, tallish, artistically dressed in black and white. Bangles and rings complemented her viciously sharp fingernails, and her pretty brown hair was tied fiercely back like a show-jumper's. Firmly-plucked eyebrows executed a crisp, athletic leap high over her determined green eyes, and her teeth were small, white and sharp as she smiled impersonally at me, tearing a box of brushes open with her long fingers.

"Anything I can do for you?" she enquired briskly. "Or are you browsing?"

She was a delicious woman, and to be honest I was a bit frightened, which just isn't like me at all.



Frightened of her manner, perhaps. Perhaps frightened too of certain feelings I was experiencing all of a sudden: feelings I'd never felt before. I glanced downwards, genuinely nervous, then up again, and my eyes fastened on her breasts as they moved freely under her loose black-and-white shirt. Apart from her sharp red nails, there wasn't a scrap of make-up on her. And she looked all the more stunning for it.

"Well?" she continued – then smiled warmly, her eyes shining and her smile slightly crooked. "I'm informed this is an artists' equipment shop," she drawled, leaning her elbows on the counter. Her tits moved again, even more visibly, and she idly scratched a fingernail on the wooden surface. "Know anything about art? Because I know *I* don't."

She exuded a lazy, languid sexuality from every pore of her body, and I felt confused and dizzy. It was a bit much for me to take in. Pulling myself together, I explained who I was and what I was about, rambled on a bit about paint, crayons and invoices, watched her fingers playing with a piece of pencil rubber and blushed a touch. She in turn explained that her name was Pamela, that she was the ogre's daughter, that she knew nothing whatever about art shops and that if I wanted to talk about materials and orders I'd better come back at one o'clock the next afternoon, as she was far too busy to think about it now.

Don't ask me what I expected or wanted to happen, or why at 12.15 the next day I stopped off at my flat and unaccountably took a bath: I hadn't a clue. I sat there soaping my slim naked body, my firm little titties, my soft pubic bush and between my naked buttocks, asking myself what was going on but not coming up with any answers.

When I arrived at the shop, Pamela looked me up and down coldly and clinically, then locked the door.

"Early closing," she explained, then turned towards the back of the shop. "You're looking very pretty today, aren't you?" she said breezily, crossing towards the store-room, her high heels tapping.

We entered the store – except it wasn't a store any more, only a bare room with one cold, uncurtained window looking out on to a yard. Where were all the materials?

"Threw 'em out," she explained, crossing to the window. "Paid a man to take 'em to the dump. You won't catch *me* running an art shop, dear."

"I see," I murmured.

"*Do* you," she drawled, uninterested and impatient. "Ever had sex with a woman? Ever had your tongue up a hairy vagina?"

She continued to gaze out of the window, her face expressionless. I swallowed, blushed and shuffled my feet a bit.

"You're a pretty little thing," she said, turning towards me now, one fingernail scratching the window ledge. "I can't bear beating about the bush, honey, so this is how things are: I want to strip naked in front of you. I want you to see my big nipples hard and erect. I want you to see right up inside my vagina. *Right* up inside. It's what I *need*. You don't have to do anything yourself if you don't want to. It's just that I've got to show you my nakedness, Jenny. I deeply need to spread my long legs and pull my slippery genitals wide open for you to see. Look," she said purposefully, stepping forward. "I'll strip myself naked for you."

She fixed me with her hard green eyes, and swiftly pulled her T-shirt up over her head. Her gorgeous light-brown breasts swung loose and free, shuddering and shifting with each movement, the deep pink nipples filling with blood and swelling visibly as she pinched them expertly with one hand and then raised both breasts high on her chest with her other arm, before letting them drop again and wobble deliciously.

"Wouldn't you like to suck on them?" she whispered. "I know I'd like to suck hard on yours. I know I'd like to push my tongue up inside your hairy genitals, *deep* up inside."

She kicked off her shoes and eased her jeans down her long, slender legs, rubbery breasts swinging wildly and mouthwateringly. She wore a pair of tight rubber panties, black and shiny, her pubic mound and cunt lips deliciously outlined.

"They make me sweat, and my wet pussy slides up and down against the rubber inside," she whispered.

Curly brown hairs crept round the edges of the panties, and as she eased them down her bare legs, I saw how wet and slippery they were inside. Her clipped pubic hair was glistening with droplets of moisture, and when the rubber pants were off she rubbed them between her legs, opening up the lips, then stepped right up to me and whispered into my ear,

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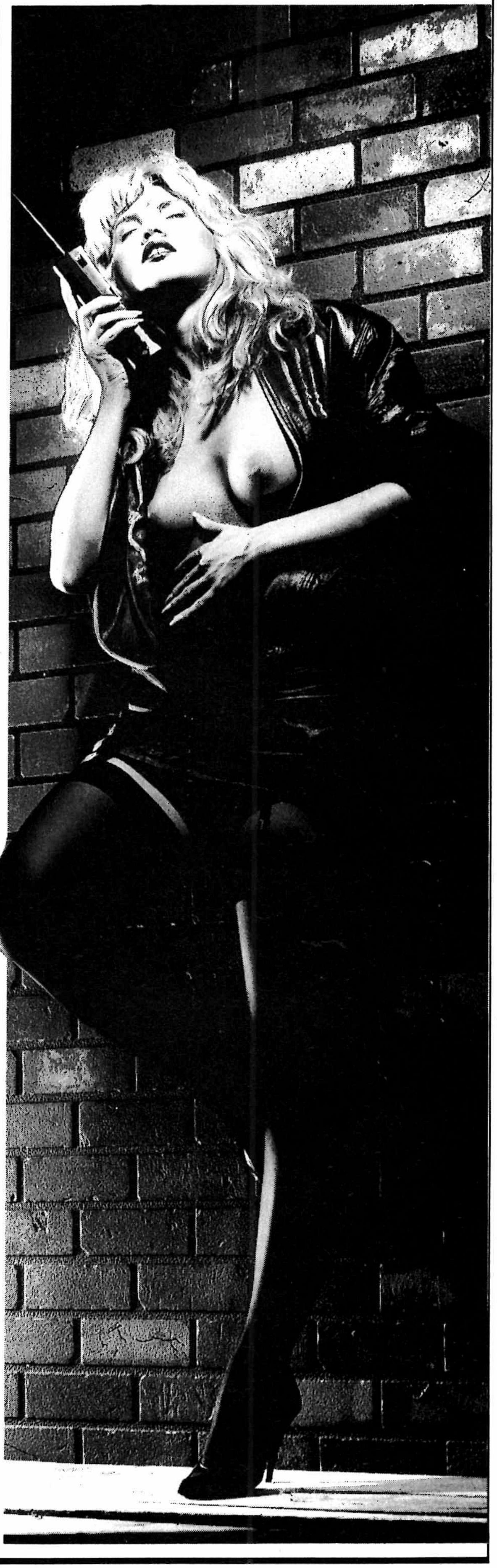

brushing my cheek with her lips.

"Penis," she whispered. "Sperm. Do you like a hard penis pushed deep up inside you?"

I gasped, but didn't move.

"Tell me!" she hissed, and thrust her right hand down the front of my jeans. Her heavy breasts pressed hard against my chest, and a musky smell of sex and perspiration filled the air. "Do you like to suck a man's hard penis, and swallow his boiling seed?"

"Yes," I moaned, and kissed her hair. She thrust her hand deep down inside my jeans, feeling my wet, wet knickers. "Undress me," I whispered, kissing her neck and face. "Strip me naked and feel me all over, Pamela."

I shut my eyes and stood quite still, as Pamela quickly undressed me, unbuttoning my shirt and dropping it to the floor, then pulling off my jeans and panties together.

"Legs open wide," she ordered, and with my eyes still shut, half-terrified, my little breasts trembling with a mixture of fear and excitement, I opened my legs and allowed Pamela to squat beneath my sex. Her soft hair brushed against the insides of my naked thighs, sending ripples of guilt and desire through my whole body and making me catch my breath. I felt a sharp nail scratch through my damp pubic bed, then two fingers began to push and pull at my wet lips, trying to open me up and find my hard clitty. Pamela prised me open, and a long hard finger snaked up inside my slippery vagina, jabbing and pressing and searching, while her thumbnail stabbed at my fat, swollen clitoris.

There we were, together in an empty white room: two pretty women, both completely naked, her head and fingers crammed up between my bare legs, her breath coming in jerks as she worked away, pulling my tender lips wider and wider apart, her tongue beginning to lap at the insides of my thighs.

Suddenly she pulled back and stood up, her succulent, firm breasts jutting towards me, nipples like ink-rubbers, her mouth wet.

"Follow me," she ordered, and led the way to the stairs which gave access to the flat above. I followed behind, my eyes fixed on her beautiful, bare brown body. I longed to kiss her naked thighs and bottom, and to have her rub her breasts between my legs, urging her rubbery nipples up inside my slimy genitals.

Halfway up the dim stairway she stopped, and I pressed my body against her, my hard nipples pressed against her pretty shoulder-blades. I put my arms around her, squeezed her bare tits between my fingers, then rested my hands gently on her firm bottom. She knelt down, facing up the stairs, and I knelt too, pushing my face against her soft bottom-cheeks and pulling her perspiring vagina open with my shaking fingers. I tugged firmly at her lips, running my nails back and forth, found her blood-gorged clitoris – a big, knobbly lump, slippery with love-juice – then, rubbing and pushing it this way and that, I began to lick hungrily between her cool, naked buttocks.

I was on the verge of coming, watching her in her squirming nakedness, and knew that I *had* to come with her pretty face buried firmly between my legs. I eased her up on to her feet, and we crept naked to the bedroom – a big airy room with a huge bed in it and nothing else.

I lay on the bed with two pillows under my bottom, fixed Pamela with a gaze of wild desperation, squeezed my small, aching breasts, spread my legs wide and allowed her to feast her eyes on my nakedness. Juices seeped from my cunt lips, and I shut my eyes.

Pamela crawled on to the bed, nude and cat-like. She feasted on my quivering breasts, covering them with her saliva and sucking hard on my wet pink teats. She squatted briefly over my face, rubbing her coarse pubic hair against my nose and mouth, then slid down my naked body to my damp, aching vulva.

Her face and lips pressed gently against my tender labia, her tongue darted up inside me, and my legs locked tightly around her head. The sheer ecstasy of such intimate sexual contact with another naked woman was so great that I very nearly passed out when I came – which I did into Pamela's soft, open mouth, again and again.

We spent the rest of the afternoon in bed together, exploring each other's most intimate parts with fingers and tongues and looking at photographs of naked men and women, the women with legs wide open, genitals shaved and clitorises huge and swollen, the men with huge, hard erections, glistening with pre-cum and slippery with saliva.

I'm seeing Pamela very regularly indeed now; I suppose we're lovers, though I do find her a tiny bit frightening. I want to try an all women group sex session sometime: wobbling tits, hard nipples, and slippery cunt lips everywhere. – *Jenny, Shoreham.*

Holiday Blues

Experience Preferred

Ever since I was seduced by this older woman, I've had a thing about them. Can't get enough of them. I've always known I was perhaps inclined that way, ever since I first kissed a girl when I was about 18, but since then I'd never tried women till the summer. Now I don't know if I'll ever try anything else.

Her name was Maureen, and not only was she 15 years older than me, she was big with it, too. Matronly, I'd have called her – if she wasn't a busty glamorous blonde who all the blokes were trying to have their way with, that is.

I met her when I worked as a hotel chambermaid for the season at a small hotel in Torquay. She was the proprietress, and with her husband Walter, ran a pretty tight ship. I always wondered why she'd married Walter, when there were countless men on their knees begging for her favours.

I soon found out, though. To say that she went for the ladies was a definite understatement. I found out from one of the other chalet maids, Sharon, that Maureen was a raving dyke who eyed anything in a skirt, and the only reason she'd married a dry old stick like Walter was that he wasn't interested in sex at all. He just provided her with all her home comforts, and in return she did all the hotel business for him.

I began to suspect that Maureen fancied me when she kept finding excuses to come to my room all the time. Gradually, it got to the stage where she'd come in without knocking while she knew I'd be getting dressed, and sit on my bed while I pulled my clothes on. I didn't really know what to say; after all, she was the boss, and I didn't want to make trouble for myself in case she took offence and I risked the sack.

I didn't know what to do about the way I felt towards Maureen either. At first, I hadn't really looked at her except as my boss, but since she'd made it obvious that she fancied me, I'd found myself looking at her tits, or staring at her firm, large arse and wondering what it would be like to lick it and graze it with my teeth. I was faintly shocked at these feelings, as I'd never *really* thought of another woman in a sexual way before, except for that one kiss.

Maureen must have noticed me looking at her, because one morning she moved in for the kill. As usual, she came to my room and watched me putting my chambermaid uniform on, stiffening slightly when she saw how my nipples showed through the black of the uniform and the skirt clung to my bum. Suddenly, she stood up and came towards me, clasping her fingers round one of my tits and tweaking the nipple with her forefinger and thumb. We stood looking at each other, not moving.

"I had to do that, luv," Maureen told me, without the trace of a blush. "You've got a lovely pair of tits. I like quite small ones – I can get my whole mouth round

them, you see, and give them a *really* good sucking." I blushed then, and Maureen laughed.

"You've never been with another woman before," she said, and I could only nod in agreement. "Usually I like to have a girl with a bit of experience; it saves such a lot of messing about. But when you started working here, I knew I had to have you. I *need* to. Walter must have known that when he hired you – he knows what type I go for."

She then started telling me how she'd watched me all the time I'd been there. "I'd watch you bend over doing the hoovering, so I could imagine you were bending over for me to lick your crack out. I'd imagine running my fingers through your cunt hairs to get to your wet patch. I'd . . ."

At this point, I couldn't take any more. I don't know what came over me, but I just grabbed Maureen and, although she was a good few inches taller than me, pulled her head down so that we could kiss. I think I surprised her by sticking my tongue straight into her mouth and snogging her fiercely. Next minute we were on my bed with Maureen's full weight pressing me down, and her hand feeling up my skirt between my legs. I knew I was already very wet and she rubbed the crotch of my panties into the wetness, which only served to excite me even more.

I was all ready to wrap my legs around her waist and go all the way, but Maureen stopped me. "We're taking too much of a risk here," she said. "Someone might find us. Take the morning off sick, and I'll take you down to the old summer house at the bottom of the garden. No-one'll go in there."

So I sneaked off to the old pavilion, which was basically a run down shack at the far end of the grounds which was out of bounds to the customers. "I often come here," Maureen said when she joined me about 20 minutes later. "It's a great place to bring my ladies where I know we won't be disturbed." There were a few sticks of furniture there, and an old mirror with a porcelain jug and bowl.

"I bought those specially," Maureen told me. "I've got a bit of a water fetish. You'll see later on!" She pulled me into the hut and put her hand straight between my legs. I'd taken my knickers off so her hand came straight into contact with my moist fanny. "Perhaps you're not so innocent as I thought," she laughed.

I told her about the kiss with the girl when I was 18, but Maureen just smiled and said, "Christ, it's been a long time since I was *that* inexperienced!"

With that, she slipped out of the black sundress she was wearing. She was naked underneath and her arse wobbled, the big, chunky

cheeks tightening as I took my dress off to show her my body.

"You're a lovely girl, Linda," she told me, "and I can't wait to have a taste of your pussy." She pushed me down on to the floor (not that I was going anywhere else) and started kissing me all over, getting me hot and ready to beg for more. Her boobs dangled in front of my face and I couldn't resist holding one of them up to my mouth to suck it. Maureen cried out and shivered. "You're a quick learner, I must say," she gasped.

I leaned back as her tongue found its way to my cunt. The tip touched my clit, circling it, then moved down my dripping slit to my love hole. "Put your tongue inside," I begged her. "Lick me out, please!"

Maureen smiled. "I like a girl who knows what she wants," she smiled, and thrust her tongue so hard and deep into my snatch that I had to hold my legs wide open to give her access. It was just like being fucked by a cock, her tongue was so hard and hot, thrusting in and out, faster and faster until I bucked my whole body with the force of my orgasm.

Maureen didn't let me lie back and savour it for very long though. She rolled me on top of her and demanded that I do the same for her. I ran my hands over her body, feeling the slight roll of fat at her hips which I found a real turn-on. She had a mature body and it was really exciting me.

I followed my hands with my tongue, licking all the way down to her snatch. It smelled hot and musky, a heady perfume that almost sent me wild.

I'd never realised what a turn-on it would be to have my tongue right up inside another woman's cunt. I was trembling with excitement as I licked and sucked at Maureen, feeling her big woman's pussy contracting round my tongue as she neared her orgasm. I was so excited again myself that I put a hand down to frig my clitty just as Maureen literally screamed as she came, then lay back panting as I brought myself off.

"You're not shy, are you, Linda?" she grinned as I came again. "I like watching a girl frig herself, but a lot of

people won't do it in front of me." By this time, I was feeling a little tired, but Maureen wasn't finished with me yet. "I told you about my water fetish," she said, "so now I'm going to show you what I meant." She dragged me to the other side of the hut to the mirror and the old fashioned bowl and jug. There was an old sink in the corner, and she ran the tap until the water was warm.

"Ever since I first saw your tits," she said, filling the jug, "I've wanted to run water all over them and soap your boobs. And I can guarantee you'll enjoy this as much as I will." I sat down, and she started to pour water over my head and chest, then picked up a bar of soap from the table and lathered it, spreading it first over my hair, giving it a thorough wash, then down lower on to my boobs, running her hands firmly over my hardening nipples. Although I'd come only a few minutes before, I was feeling turned on and randy again already, and I just sat there and closed my eyes, savouring the way Maureen's strong hands were massaging my firm tits and erect nipples. Soon, I became aware that only one hand was working on me, circling the hard tip of my boob with her nail and tweaking it with her fingers. I opened my eyes and stared in the mirror, fascinated to see Maureen using her other hand on herself, mauling her pussy quite vigorously as she wanked herself. Her face was contorted with the effort of holding back her climax right until the last minute, until she finally let go. There was love juice trickling down her legs from her cunt as she stood behind me and carried on soaping my boobs and hair.

I could feel a wet patch forming under my bum where I was getting horny again. I reached behind me and pulled Maureen closer, so that her pussy was pressed close against my neck. I could feel the heat there, and we just sat for a couple of minutes staring at each other in that mirror. Then I stood up and pulled Maureen to me so that we were body to body all the way.

"Randy little thing, aren't you?" Maureen said to me, moving her hand down to let her index finger probe at my cunt, feeling the wetness seeping out. I was surprised at myself, too – I just couldn't get enough of her. I was still all wet from where Maureen had washed me, and my body seemed to be throbbing everywhere she'd touched me. I told her that I wanted her to rub me down, and she smiled.

"I haven't got any bath towels here," she told me. But she fetched an old shawl from one of the corners and said, "This should do the trick." The material was quite rough, but she rubbed it all over me briskly until I

was tingling and practically ready to beg for Maureen's tongue in my cunt again. She drew the shawl down between my legs and rubbed it up and down my slit, occasionally pulling it really tight in between my legs so that my juices were smeared all over it. I could hardly stand by this time, so I slowly sat down on the floor and Maureen crouched above me, holding her pussy right above my nose and mouth so that I could inhale her musk again. It really was powerful, and as she crouched over me, I started to lick her again, slowly and gently at first, but soon getting faster and faster until she couldn't wait any more and had a shattering orgasm that surprised even her, I reckon. "That was the best yet," she panted to me, trying to get her breath back.

She knew I was desperate to come again, and so she made me crouch above her the same way she'd done, so that she could lick me out again. I was so excited I knelt there fondling my boobs while Maureen ran her tongue in and out of my hole, probing me with her finger at the same time, frigging my clit until I was satisfied.

When we'd both recovered, we went back to the hotel, separately of course, as we didn't want to be spotted by any of the other staff or the guests. For the rest of the season, I carried on working at the hotel and Maureen got into the habit of coming to my room at night. After that first day, I had no inhibitions, and Maureen kept saying that she'd never discount any woman again just because they were inexperienced. I took that as the compliment it was, and soon I was really the one in control of our relationship.

I don't know if Walter knew what was going on, but my guess is that he had a pretty good idea. After all, he knew about Maureen's preferences. But if he didn't know then, he'll probably guess next season – because I'm going back to the hotel to work again, and Maureen has made it quite clear that she wants things to carry on the way they began. I'm certainly not objecting – but I'll be making use of my new found experience till then! – *Linda, Wolverhampton*

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After reading the sexploits of those randy Braddons, I felt I really must tell you about the party we had when we moved into our new house. It nearly didn't take place, but my wife Cheryl's vivid imagination turned it into a wild orgy.

We bought the house from someone who had gone abroad and had left all the furniture and carpets in it. We arranged to have the whole place cleared out and redecorated so our own new furniture could be moved in. Then we invited all our friends – and a few liberal-minded neighbours – to a house-warming party. It was to be a sex party, of course, and we spent a lot of time planning ways to get the guests turned on.

That was when everything seemed to go wrong. The company that should have cleared out the old furniture let us down, and the decorator fell ill. I was very upset as I broke the news to Cheryl. "They can't start work on the house till the Monday after the party," I told her. "We'll just have to cancel it. We can't have a sex party with all that old furniture around."

"Wait a minute," she said. "I've got an idea. We'll have the party just as we planned. If everything in the house is going to be thrown away a couple of days afterwards, it won't matter how much mess we make. You always said you'd like to cover me in food and pour wine all over me," she carried on, "and we never did it because of the mess it would make. Now's your chance. Let's make the party a sex and food orgy where no one has to care about cleaning up afterwards!"

We planned everything very carefully, and a lot of thought went into the preparation of the food. "Will we really need so many bananas and cucumbers?" I asked as Cheryl lifted a box full of them out of the car boot.

"Better to have too many than too few," she replied. "After all, somebody might even decide to eat one or two." I knew the party would be extra special when she said that.

On the afternoon of the party, Cheryl and her cousin Marie had the old lounge table piled high with food. They'd made a number of delicious savoury dips with yoghurt. "Yoghurt's good for the skin, you know," Marie announced as I tasted a couple. The bananas and cucumbers had now been joined by a pile of long Frankfurter sausages and sweetcorn, and there was plenty of salad and fresh fruit, as well as several tempting cream cakes.

We asked our guests to come dressed for a party but not to wear anything that might get spoiled. As it happened, most of the men turned up in jeans. Fortunately, our wives and girlfriends were more imaginative.

Cheryl found a string vest with more holes than string. With a broad white plastic belt fastened round it, the vest just about reached her fanny. Then she pulled on a white lacy G-string, white hold-up stockings and white high-heeled shoes.

"What do you reckon?" she asked, sticking out her tits so her nipples poked through the vest. "This really gets my nipples turned on."

"You look great," I told her. "And so do you, Marie," I said, looking at her cousin who had just appeared.

Marie's outfit was a real knock-out. It was her old school uniform – white blouse, striped tie, blue pleated skirt, white knee-socks and black shoes. She had cut the skirt off at fanny level – and she wore no underwear. It didn't look very elegant but it sure looked sexy. Even as she walked we got fantastic glimpses of lips and bare bum, and I felt the bulge in my jeans grow with excitement.

As our guests started to arrive, the bulge grew even bigger. George and Penny from down the road were first. She usually looks pretty sophisticated in expensive clothes, but that night she was wearing a cheap tarty number she'd bought for ten quid on a market stall. It was little more than a skin-tight tube of purple shiny material that reached from her tits to her thighs. She'd been busy with the scissors too – cutting slits up to her hips on each side. Under it were purple fishnet stockings and purple suspenders.

Dick and his girlfriend Julie arrived next. She looked striking in a bum-length, tightly-belted, black PVC raincoat with high-heeled black shiny boots. When Tom and Joy arrived, he proudly helped his wife out of her coat. Under it she wore only a set of bright red underwear. The erect nipples of her lovely big tits pushed out of the lacy front of a peep-hole bra, while her quim could be seen through the gap in her crotchless panties. Red suspenders with black stockings and shoes completed the outfit.

Soon our guests had all assembled. A few body stockings and basques added to the provocative display. It was going to be a great party.

"Now that we're all here, how about something to eat and drink?" announced Cheryl. "There are just two rules this evening – enjoy yourselves and don't mind the mess. The place is being cleared and redecorated starting Monday."

A wild shout went up from the assembled crowd. Even so, they ate very formally at first, piling food on their plates and using knives and forks.

"I think we'll have to liven this up a bit," Cheryl said to me. I needed no further encouragement. Picking up a bottle of sparkling wine, I shook it as hard as I could. I pushed the cork until it shot out with a loud pop. A fountain of fizzy wine cascaded all over Cheryl who was waiting for it. I completely drenched her as she stood in front of me rubbing her body erotically and getting really turned on by the feeling.

"And now for a drink," I said, pulling her shoulder straps down and baring her breasts. I tipped up the bottle, letting the rest of the

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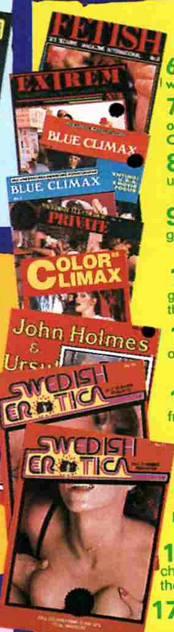

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wine trickle slowly out over her breasts while I licked and sucked it off again. It was a great turn-on, both for us and for all the others.

"How would you like a drink, John?" Marie asked her boyfriend. "Try some of this." She found a bottle of wine that was already uncorked and began to pour it down the front of her school blouse. The material soon clung to her tits and her nipples showed through.

"Or maybe that's a bit too boring. How about this way?" She lay back in an armchair, draping her legs wide apart over the arms. She pulled her skirt up and wriggled a bit so her luscious lovehole was fully on show. She let the wine trickle on to it and John buried his face between her legs to lick the tasty mixture of wine and love juice.

"That's the idea," said Cheryl. "Hey girls, what about this?" A moment later she took hold of the front of my shirt – admittedly it was an old one – and ripped it open. I took it off as she unzipped my jeans and pulled them down. When I had nothing on but my boxer shorts she pulled out my bone-hard cock and smeared it all over with raspberry yoghurt. Then she gave me a thorough licking, sucking the sticky stuff from my cock and swallowing it down greedily.

That was just the beginning. It wasn't long before the party really got going.

Penny pulled down her shiny purple dress and dunked both her boobs in a bowl of savoury dip. As I watched, her husband and another guy set about a boob each. Penny's nipples grew big and hard as they licked her, and she pulled up her dress and started to rub herself between her legs.

Caroline, one of my wife's friends in a pink basque, took off her panties and then went over to the table where she selected the biggest banana she could find. Making sure that people were watching, she peeled the banana slowly. Then, leaning back against the wall, she pulled her tits free of her basque and rubbed the end of the banana against her nipples. Slowly and erotically she moved the banana downwards and rubbed it gently against her clit. Opening her legs and pulling her lips apart, she pushed the fruity dildo upwards till only the tip of one end was still sticking out.

"Anyone like a banana?" she asked. "Come and help yourselves." One of the guys was there in a flash. Pushing his mouth hard against Caroline's snatch, he was soon gobbling down the bit of banana that had been sticking out. The rest, however, remained firmly hidden inside Caroline.

"Come on," she said. "Don't bother about table manners. Use your fingers." He pushed two fingers inside her, moved them about for a while, and came out with a piece of banana. He put it in his mouth and ate it. Then he went in again for more, deeper this time, coming out eventually with another piece of the fruit. As he ate it, he pushed three fingers as deep as he could inside Caroline. As he moved them around to find the remaining lump of banana, her face was a picture of lust and ecstasy combined. She was twiddling her nipples between her fingers and writhing with pleasure as the guy poked about inside her. Eventually he withdrew with his prize.

"What a pity. I was just starting to enjoy it," she said. "Anybody fancy a hot-dog?" Coolly she picked up a long Frankfurter sausage, dipped it in ketchup, and pushed it where the banana had been moments before.

Cheryl wanted some attention too. She had now taken off her sodden vest and G-string but was still wearing stockings and shoes. She coated her cunt in yoghurt dip and smeared cream cake on her breasts. "Sweet and sour, anyone?" she asked, laughing. Julie went for sweet and began feasting on the creamy boobs, while Dick selected the savoury snatch. Cheryl was going crazy with pleasure. She unfastened Julie's PVC raincoat to reveal a tiny PVC G-string and a gorgeous PVC corset that left her boobs free.

I went over to join them with a spray can of instant cream. I pulled off Julie's G-string, shook the can and creamed her cunt inside and out. She jerked her hips backwards and forwards against my face as I licked deep at her sweet sticky snatch.

Across the room, Penny was having a really wild time. She was standing on the sofa, legs spread wide apart, and was bent forward with her head over the sofa back. Her husband had just smeared a giant cucumber in salad oil and was now pushing the enormous vegetable into his wife's fanny. She was moaning with delight as George worked the cucumber backwards and forwards and further in.

Round the other side of the sofa, Penny was busy sucking another guy's cock. He was pouring lager on to his prick as she did so. Her hair was wet through but she didn't seem to mind.

"How about this, everyone?" Dennis, one of my friends from work, had been busy cutting up a pineapple. Now he stood there naked with three or four pineapple rings decorating his rigid cock. "Here's a meal for you girls," he said.

A couple of ravers in body stockings were soon tasting the tropical delight. And, of course, when they'd eaten all the pineapple they didn't leave his cock alone. They licked and sucked and caressed and stroked like real professionals. As one took his knob in her mouth, the other sucked his balls. As one wanked him, the other rubbed her face against his prick.

Tom and Joy, meanwhile, were up to their own fun and games. She lay on her back on the floor in a pool of cider. Still in a peep-hole bra and crotchless panties, she was wildly massaging trifle into her boobs. Tom tipped some more on to her, then set about fucking her wildly as he gobbled the trifle from her tits.

He fucked her hard till her body throbbed with orgasm. She started scraping the trifle together and rubbing it around her mouth. Then Tom started to come. He pulled out of Joy's cunt, moved up to her trifle-covered mouth, and wanked himself off into the cream she was eating. "That tasted fantastic," she gasped after she'd swallowed it all down.

Over near the door, Dennis was just shooting a generous load of come on to the faces of the two ravers. They worked his cock till it was dry, then kissed each other and licked the come from each other's faces till they'd swallowed all there was.

Loud gasping could be heard from Penny. The cucumber was deep inside her now, and George was working it in and out with rapid but constant movements. She still had the other guy's cock in her mouth so she was getting plenty of attention. Her whole body started to shake as the waves of orgasm swept through her, yet she still remained in the same position, standing on the sofa with legs apart, bum sticking out and head over the sofa back.

As the last pulse of orgasm left her, she relaxed once more. She stopped her cock-sucking and called, "Watch out everyone." We stood back to watch and George positioned himself about three feet behind her.

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She drew in her breath then, with a loud slurp and a plop, the huge cucumber came shooting out of her cunt. George caught it, proudly held it up then casually bit a large chunk off!

Cheryl and I continued our evening in a foursome with Dick and Julie. I lapped up more and more of her creamy quim, while Cheryl got herself shafted by Dick's large cock. Then she sat astride Julie, who in turn gave Cheryl's cunt a good licking. As this went on, Dick and I worked on Julie's cunt, alternatively licking her out and poking with our fingers. Eventually we had three fingers each inside her and got a lovely rhythm going together.

"Keep it up, boys. Push harder," Julie called out. And we did just that. Our six-fingered shafting drove her wild. She pushed her mound hard against our hands, then her hips started to jerk up and down. The sight of it made Cheryl start to come, for Julie was tonguing her all the time too.

The two women were soon writhing around with uncontrollable orgasms. Their movements were so wild that Dick and I couldn't keep our fingers in. But as soon as we withdrew, Cheryl buried her head between Julie's legs. Their orgasms seemed to go on and on as they rolled around the floor, each of them mouth to quim, licking hard and being licked at the same time.

When they'd had their fun, they returned to Dick and me to suck us off, but we'd found other entertainment. Penny had helped herself to a plate of lettuce and sliced tomato but said she wouldn't eat it till there was plenty of "salad dressing" on it. She was now taking on all the guys who'd not yet shot their wads – so long as they'd shoot it all over her salad.

Dick and I presented our cocks for sucking and Penny set about them with gusto. While she sucked one she wanked the other. Finally we moved close together and she got both cocks in at the same time. Quite a mouthful. I felt myself coming, so I pulled away and pointed my cock at the plate of salad. My come shot all over the salad and I squeezed the last drops out on to a piece of tomato. A moment later, Dick added his come to the gleaming blobs all over Penny's food.

Then, at last, Penny got her feast of the evening – a plate of lettuce and tomato dripping with come. It was really shining with come, and Penny said it looked delicious. She ate with her fingers, picking up each piece of salad carefully so as not to lose any come. As she came to the last lettuce leaf, she wiped it around the plate. "Don't want to waste any of this delicious salad dressing," she said, popping the lettuce in her mouth.

The worse thing about that moving-in party was the washing up. Now we have a dish-washer, but then we had to do it all by hand. I still remember Cheryl saying to me, "You know, it's fairly easy to get greasy plates clean, but I wish someone would invent a washing-up liquid that gets sperm off dirty dishes." But we still haven't found one. – *Chris H, Southport.* ♣

Are *you* Britain's randiest couple? Do you have sex more often than you have hot dinners? Let us know about it and who knows – it could be *your* story we put in Couples Confess! Send your true tales to: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

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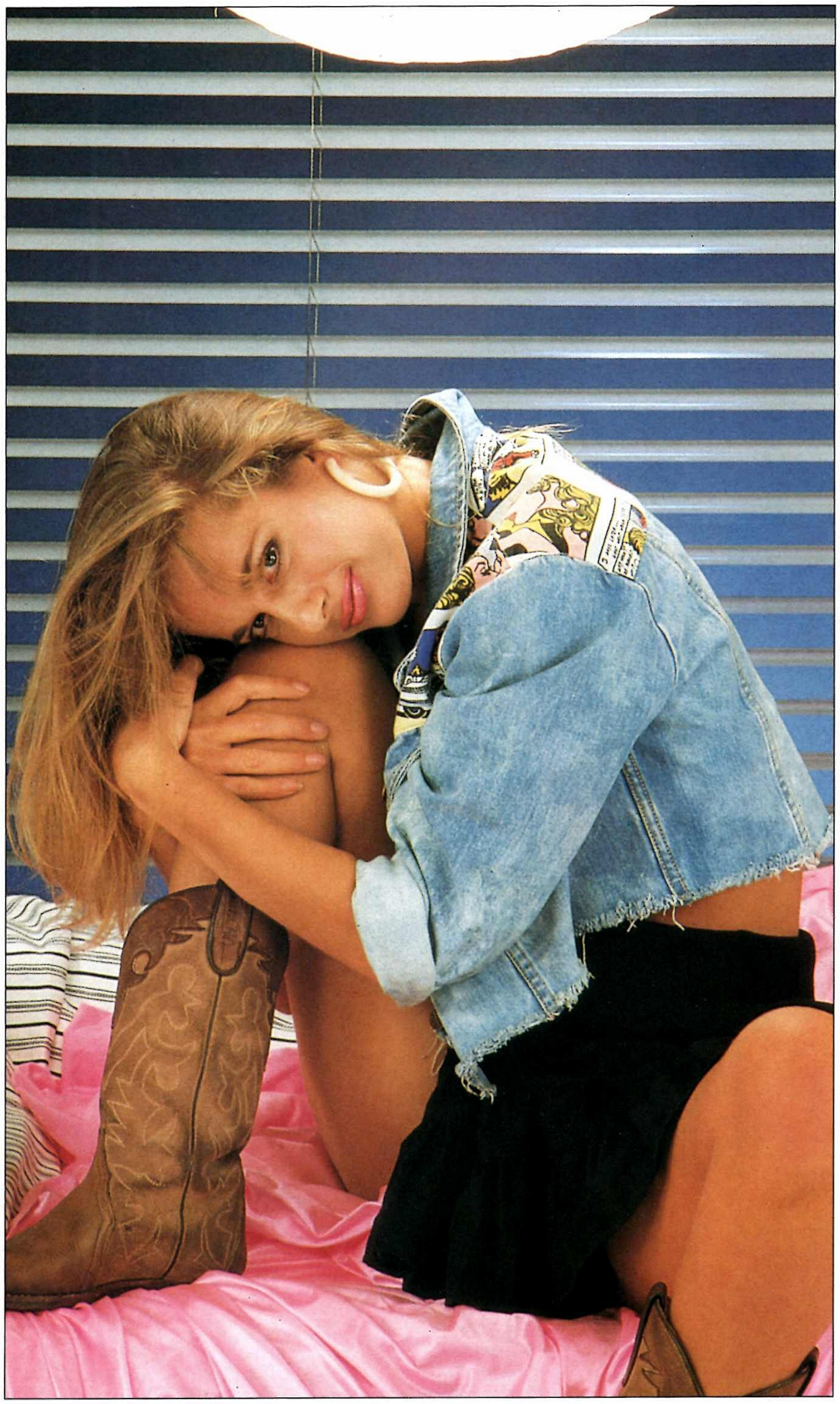
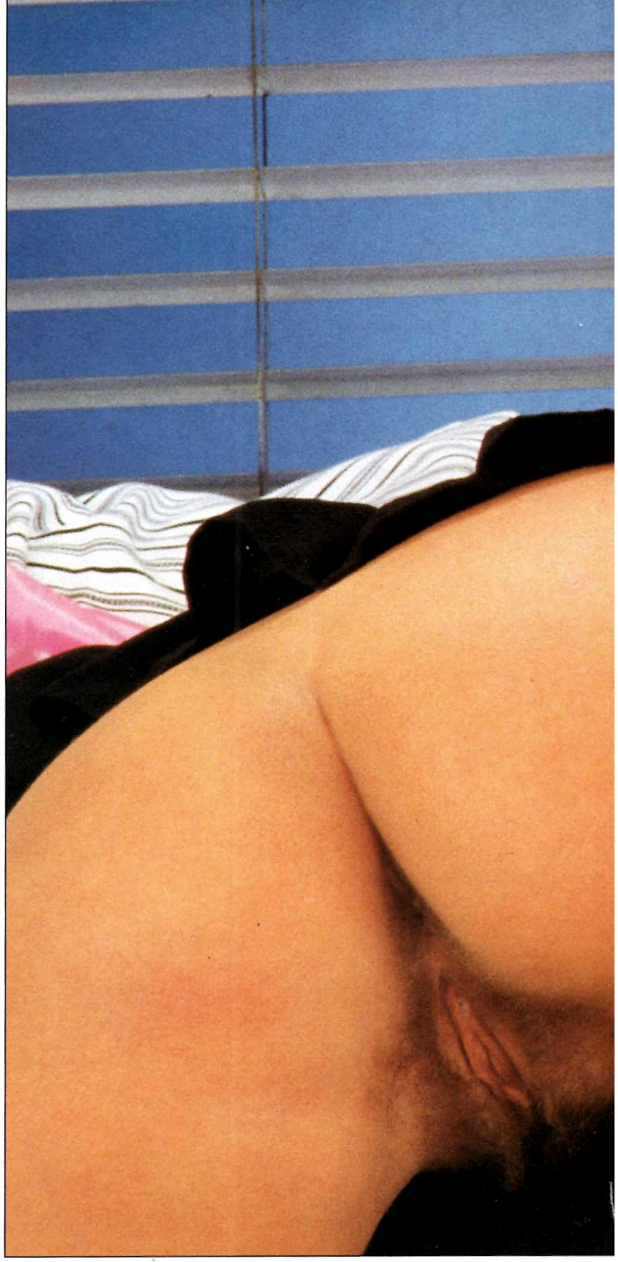


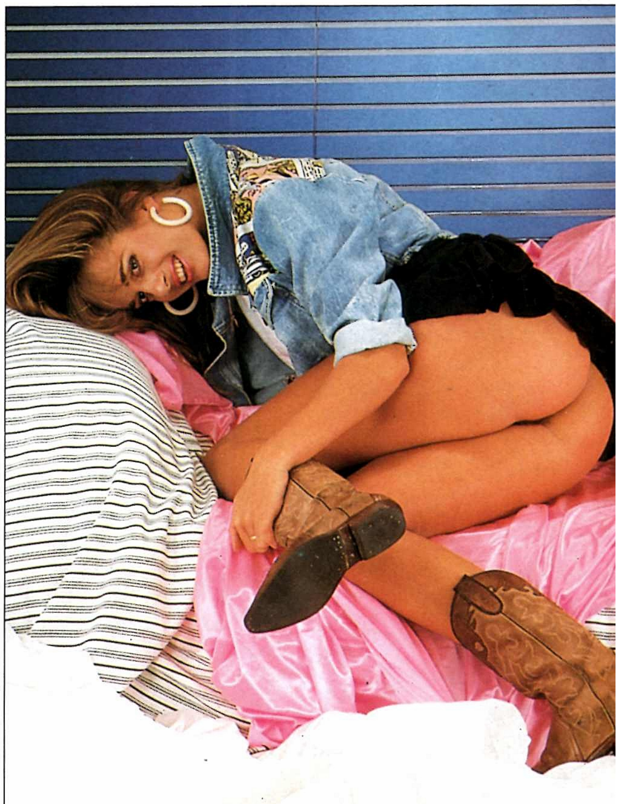


BRIDGET

We reckon we're a fairly trendy lot here at Club. Well, Midson threw away his flares months ago. And the Ed doesn't wear his parka and target t-shirt any more. Not often, anyway.

That's why we're delighted to have Bridget in the magazine. She's 19 and

Photographs by Brian Oliver



she's a regular at London clubs like Violet's and the Wag. So we thought we'd ask her – is sex still trendy?

"I tell you, screwing's the smartest thing in town. Just go into any club and have a look in the darkest corners. You'll see I'm right.

"Why do you think I spend all my time clubbing?"

Now where did I put that Jean-Paul Gaultier suit?♣

HOT SEX VIDEOS !!

Telephone **01-871 2181** *(24 hours)*
and just listen to the tape recording!

AMSTERDAM!

Make sure you get the best in adult movies. Buy direct from us. U.K. cheques and postal orders accepted. (Films sent in U.K.) (Posted from within the U.K.)

ONE HOUR SPECIAL £9.95 (inc. p&p)

Order from:– Techno Video, P.O. Box 70385
1007 KJ, Amsterdam, Holland. *(22p stamp)*

ORIENTAL

Our one hour uncensored adult video of XXX from **THE EAST!**

LEARN SOMETHING NEW

£9.95 (including p & p)
Only from
VIDEO VIEW
12 Thornton Road, Leytonstone,
London E11

NUDE WIVES

One hour of
home-made full action.
Professionally made adult XXX
£10.00
Home Video Products,
P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

YOUNG AC/DC LADY 37.24.36

has privately made VHS & BETA Videos for sale.
Made to order service available.
My one hour 'special' – £15.00
Tobo Video, Box 350Q, Canterbury Road,
Radford, Nottingham

BOTTOMS ONLY VIDEO

1 hour – £13.00

From: Bottoms Up, P.O. Box 242,
LONDON SW15 2RJ

BUY A SAMPLE VIDEO FIRST!

WHY TAKE ANY RISK WHEN FOR ALMOST THE COST OF A BLANK YOU CAN BUY A
XXX PREVIEW VIDEO

ONLY GENUINE ADULT DEALERS CAN MAKE AN OFFER LIKE THIS

FULL ONE HOUR £10 *YES – ONLY£10*
inc P & P VHS/Beta

(Refundable with first order)

To: **ACE VIDEO, Circle House 65/67 Wembley Hill Road, Wembley, Middlesex, HA9 8DP**

Please send my 1 HOUR sample. I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for £10 payable to:
ACE VIDEO *(attach your address)*
My adult interests are
GENERAL ☐ ORGIES ☐ GAY ☐ STRIPS ☐ SPANK ☐ GROUP ☐
Tick your interest
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
______
TEL. NO. ______

ORIGINAL. YOU MUST USE THIS COUPON. THIS IS TO STOP PEOPLE GETTING MORE THAN ONE EACH.

SPECIALIST ADULT VIDEO FILMS!

All you have to do is choose any THREE or SIX films from the list below and we will make up a SPECIALIST order as close to your own individual tastes as possible.

ALL FILMS SENT UNDER PLAIN COVER

SEND NO MONEY !

THE SAFEST WAY TO ORDER ADULT VIDEOS IS CASH ON DELIVERY.

You do not have to wait weeks for your films and by C.O.D., you receive your films within 48 hours and you do not have to pay for the films until they are in your hands!

'A'	(ALPHA)	1 HR. [redacted]
'B'	(BRAVO)	1 HR. OF ASSORTED ORGIES
'C'	(CHARLIE)	1 HR. OF UNIFORMS (Nurses etc)
'D'	(DELTA)	1 HR. OF FEMALE DOMINATION
'E'	(ECHO)	1 HR. OF [redacted]
'F'	(FREDDIE)	1 HR. OF LESBIAN
'G'	(GEORGE)	1 HR. OF GAY
'H'	(HARRY)	1 HR. OF BIG BOY SPECIAL
'I'	(INDIGO)	1 HR. OF STRIPS (12)
'J'	(JUPITER)	1 HR. OF [redacted]
'K'	(KETCHUP)	1 HR. OF ORIENTAL
'L'	(LARRY)	1 HR. [redacted]
'M'	(MARY)	1 HR. OF BIG BOOBS
'N'	(NELLIE)	1 HR. OF BOTTOMS
'O'	(ORAL)	1 HR. OF 'O'
'P'	(PIPER)	1 HR. OF NAUGHTY KNICKERS
'Q'	(QUEEN)	1 HR. XXX? XXX? XXX?
'R'	(RANDY)	1 HR. [redacted]
'S'	(SUGAR)	1 HR. OF SPANKING
'T'	(TANGO)	1 HR. OF SUSPENDERS
'U'	(UNIFORM)	1 HR. OF GENERAL
'V'	(VICTOR)	1 HR. OF SAMPLES

TO: ALPHA VIDEO, 27a OLD GLOUCESTER STREET, LONDON, WC1N 3XX

Send me the following films C.O.D. (Prices: Any 3 for £30.00. Any 6 for £45.00.)

☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6 **MAIL ORDER – you can pay by cheque or postal order if you wish.**

JUST WRITE CODE LETTER IN THE BOXES

Name ______ I am on VHS/BETA
Address ______
______ Tel. No. ______

CALL ME NOW!

01-871 4333 (24 HOURS)
Including Saturdays and Sundays
I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT MY VIDEO AND PHOTOS

STRIPPING VIDEO

Our seductive women will strip for you.
1 hour of uncensored erotica – £12
– VHS/BETA (inc. p&p)

12 STRIPS ON A ONE HOUR VIDEO

EROS VIDEO
9/11 Kensington High Street, London W8 5NP

FREE!

TO VIDEO USERS ONLY!

OUR FULL HALF HOUR **ADULT!**

YES–A FREE ADULT VIDEO PREVIEW FILM (30 mins)

THE HOTTEST 'COMING ATTRACTIONS' FILM IN THE U.K. – FREE!

HOW CAN WE DO IT FREE!!!

EASY – Our films are ***GENUINE XXX*** adult films and not rubbish you could show to your maiden aunt!
YES! – 90% of the people who have our free ***ADULT PREVIEW FILM*** buy from us within 24 hours of seeing the free film. ***THEN BUY AGAIN AND AGAIN!***
THAT IS WHY WE CAN MAKE THIS OFFER!
ALSO – You are under no obligation to buy any films. If you think that our ADULT films are rubbish you can keep the sample to use as a blank!
YES – WE ARE THAT CONFIDENT YOU WILL BUY FROM US LATER!

JUST DIAL

01-870 7313

24 HOUR SERVICE – OPEN SATURDAY & SUNDAY

TO ORDER!!!

LESBIAN

Adult Videos VHS/BETA
3 One hour Lesbian Action Videos
£25 (including p&p)
TOBO – the established supplier to the lesbian community.

Order from – TOBO VIDEO,
Questa Publications,
P.O. Box 350Q, Canterbury Road,
Radford, Nottingham NGA 1PQ.

MODELS WANTED

Earn top money
making Stag Videos
– £200 per hr.
Send photo/details to
Model Dept., Home Video Products,
P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

FROM HOLLAND WITH LOVE!

We have our famous one hour special sample video for only **£13** (inc. p&p)

See our sample film first – buy later!

U.K. Cheques/P.O. accepted (posted from within the U.K.).

To Metro Video, P.O. Box 10552, 1001EN,
Amsterdam, Holland. *(Remember to use 22p stamp.)*
Send me your sample. I attach £13.
Name ______
Video ______
Address ______

HOT SEX VIDEOS!!
TELEPHONE
01-871 2181
24 Hrs. – Inc. Saturdays & Sundays
JUST LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDING

THE THIRTY NINE STRIPS

SPECIAL production of our best 39 girls displaying all after a tantalising strip. 2 hour video VHS/BETA £15.
From: **TABU VIDEO, P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ.**

39 ACTS!

SPECIAL TASTES SEX VIDEOS

BUY AND EXCHANGE

Just choose any two XXX one hour videos from the list below.
Then you can exchange them for
ONLY £1.50 PER FILM!
ANY 2 FOR £25

CODING FOR FILMS ON OFFER
- A ONE HOUR OF C.P.
- B ONE HOUR XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX?
- C ONE HOUR OF ALL MALE
- D ONE HOUR XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX?
- E ONE HOUR OF HUGE BOOBS
- F ONE HOUR OF MALE DOMINATION
- G ONE HOUR OF ALL MALE GROUP
- H ONE HOUR XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX?
- I ONE HOUR NAVY BLUE KNICKER GIRLS
- J ONE HOUR LESBIAN
- K ONE HOUR ORIENTAL
- L ONE HOUR OF MIXED COUPLES
- M ONE HOUR OF BIZARRE
- N ONE HOUR OF FEMALE DOMINATION

Eros Video. 9 11 Kensington High Street.
London W8 5NP

SEND ME TWO FILMS NOS. ____ & ____
I ENCLOSE £25.00. *VHS/BETA*
Name ____
Address ____

24 hour C.O.D. delivery service. Just ring 037 383 0822 to order by telephone.

SPANKING GOOD!

'In and out of uniform'
VHS/BETA VIDEO **£13.00** (inc. p&p)
Order from:
VIDEO PLUS, 434 Corn Exchange Bldg., Hanging Ditch, Manchester M4 3EY.

BUY 'N EXCHANGE

First buy our uncensored special 'starter' film for **only £13.00** (inc.p&p)
Then exchange a for £3.00 time.
Order from: XXX Video,
2 Streatham High Rd.,
Streatham, LONDON SW16.

THREE HOURS OF ASSORTED USA AND SCANDINAVIAN XXX VIDEOS. £20.00.
From VIDEO IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ

SUSPENDERS & STOCKING TOPS

Naughty clips of housewives and girlfriends etc. Training as model and striptease artists
VHS/Beta – ONLY £15.00
Video View, 12 Thornton Road, Leytonstone, London E11

ALL MALES VIDEO

Couples and groups in the home made one hour 'BIG BOY SPECIAL'
£8.50 from
Hoss, PO Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

My explicit home made video, all positions, all comers. 45 mins £8.
(Films also made to order) VHS/BETA
Connie Lingus, Confidential Mail Services, P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ.

ADULT RUBBISH VIDEOS

Have you been ripped off with so called adult videos which are so soft you could show them to your grandmother?

TAKE NO RISKS!

Buy a sample tape first – for only **£7.00** (inc. p&p)!
The £7.00 is refundable with your first order, so when you buy, the film is FREE for you to keep!

To XXX Home Video, P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

Please send me my half hour EROTIC INFERNO sample film.
My video is (VHS/BETA). I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for £7 payable to Video Co.
Name ____
Address ____
____ Tel. No. ____

FREE!

OUR ½ HOUR XXX VIDEO PREVIEW TAPE

NO NONSENSE
If you don't want to buy any of the sex videos offered on the preview film you can just keep it to use as a blank and forget it!

TO ORDER JUST TELEPHONE
(24 hours)
(open weekends) 0373-830 563

AMSTERDAM!

Make sure you get the best in adult movies. Buy direct from us. U.K. cheques and postal orders accepted. (Films sent in U.K.) (Posted from within the U.K.)
ONE HOUR SPECIAL £9.95 (inc. p&p)
Order from:– Techno Video, P.O. Box 70385 1007 KJ, Amsterdam, Holland. *(22p stamp)*

CALL ME NOW!
01-871 4333 (24 HOURS)
Including Saturdays and Sundays
I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT MY VIDEO AND PHOTOS

SEX VIDEOS
Buy a 1 hour sample first!
£10 INC. P&P
Money back guarantee

TO: ALPHA VIDEO, 27a OLD GLOUCESTER STREET, LONDON WC1N 3XX
Please send my 1 HOUR sample. I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for **£10 payable to ALPHA VIDEO, 27a Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX**
My adult interests are GENERAL ☐ ORGIES ☐ GAY ☐
SPANK ☐ GROUP ☐ *(tick your interests!)*

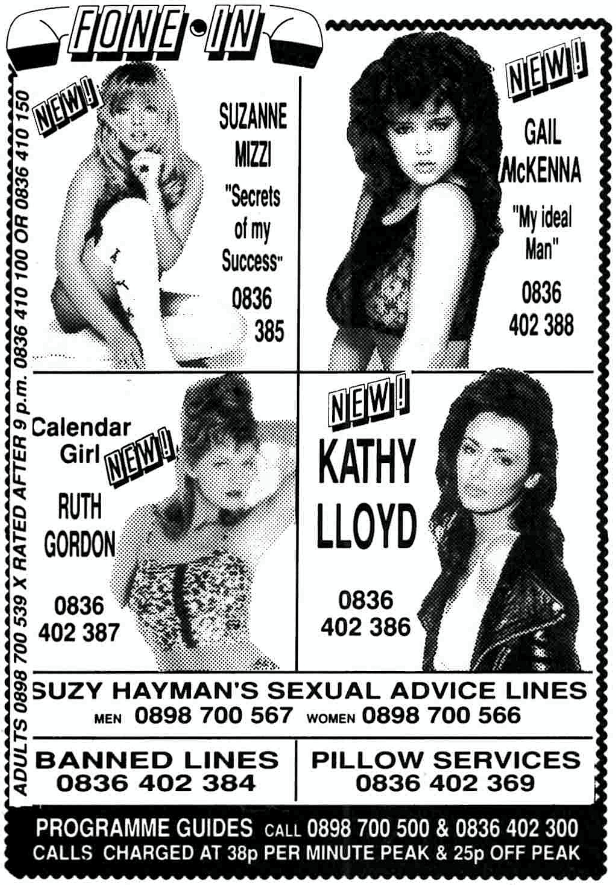
NAME ____
ADDRESS ____

ORIGINAL
YOU MUST USE THIS COUPON. THIS IS TO STOP PEOPLE GETTING MORE THAN ONE EACH.

LESBIAN FUN
LONDON 0077 100 400
0898 300 810
Pirate RECORDINGS BANNED
0898 300 811
LONDON 0077 100 405
PLAY
BUMPER BOOBS
WITH ME.
0898 300 812
LONDON 0077 100 410
THE LICK CHICK
JUST LISTEN
LONDON 0077 100 415
0898 300 813
LISTEN TO ME MAKE YOU HAPPY!
LONDON 0077 100 420
0898 300 814
STRIP TEASE
THE TELEPHONE TEASE!
LONDON 0077 100 435
0898 300 821
ALWAYS LISTEN TO THE XXX NEWS DIAL
0898 300 822
OR FROM LONDON 01 AREA
0077 100 445
WE CANNOT ADVERTISE IT BUT YOU CAN HEAR IT
0898 300 815
BANNED
LONDON 0077 100 410
SUSPENDERS
LONDON 0077 100 455
0898 300 820
LESBIAN SECRETS
LONDON 0077 100 450
0898 300 816
JUST LISTEN TO MY XXX GIRLFRIEND AND I WILL BLOW YOU A TELEPHONE KISS
"BLOW BELINDA"
0898 300 817
LONDON 0077 100 415
I DOMINATE
0898 300 818
LONDON 0077 100 435
LESBIAN LETTERS
0898 300 819
LONDON 0077 100 400

PLEASE TAKE NOTE
ALL THE ENTERTAINMENT SERVICES OFFERED IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE AS A RESULT OF COMPULSORY DISCONNECTION DUE TO STRONG EROTIC CONTENT OR OTHER REASONS. IF ANY RECORDED MESSAGE DOES NOT MATCH ANY PARTICULAR ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE ACCEPT OUR APOLOGIES FOR SERVICE CHANGES BEYOND OUR CONTROL.

ALL SPOOFLINE ADS ON THIS PAGE CHARGED AT 38p PER MINUTE PEAK 25p PER MINUTE OFF PEAK



FONE•IN

NEW!

SUZANNE MIZZI
"Secrets of my Success"
0836
385

NEW!

GAIL McKENNA
"My ideal Man"
0836
402 388

Calendar Girl
NEW!
RUTH GORDON
0836
402 387

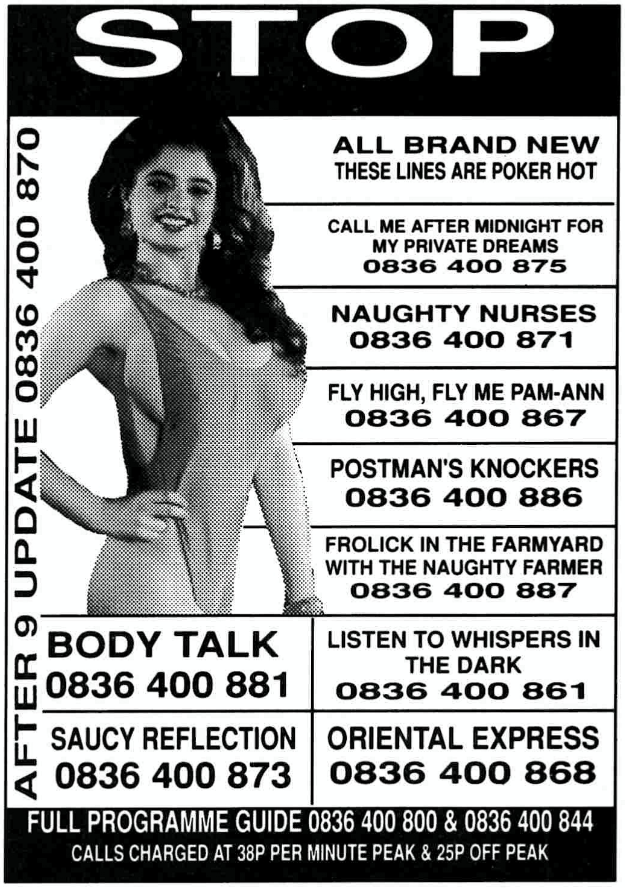
NEW!
KATHY LLOYD
0836
402 386

SUZY HAYMAN'S SEXUAL ADVICE LINES
MEN 0898 700 567 WOMEN 0898 700 566

BANNED LINES 0836 402 384	**PILLOW SERVICES** 0836 402 369

PROGRAMME GUIDES CALL 0898 700 500 & 0836 402 300
CALLS CHARGED AT 38p PER MINUTE PEAK & 25p OFF PEAK

ADULTS 0898 700 539 X RATED AFTER 9 p.m. 0836 410 100 OR 0836 410 150



STOP

AFTER 9 UPDATE 0836 400 870

ALL BRAND NEW
THESE LINES ARE POKER HOT

CALL ME AFTER MIDNIGHT FOR MY PRIVATE DREAMS
0836 400 875

NAUGHTY NURSES
0836 400 871

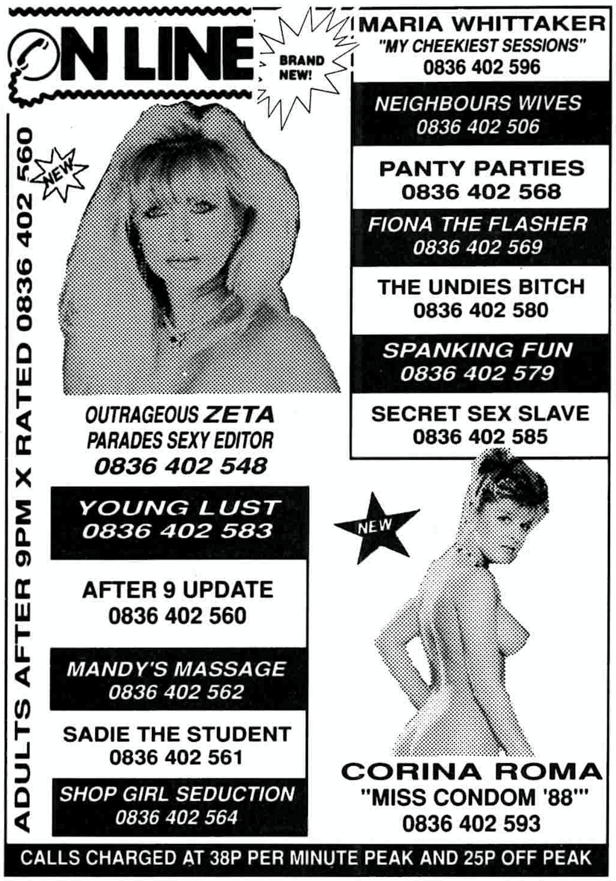
FLY HIGH, FLY ME PAM-ANN
0836 400 867

POSTMAN'S KNOCKERS
0836 400 886

FROLICK IN THE FARMYARD WITH THE NAUGHTY FARMER
0836 400 887

BODY TALK 0836 400 881	LISTEN TO WHISPERS IN THE DARK 0836 400 861
SAUCY REFLECTION 0836 400 873	ORIENTAL EXPRESS 0836 400 868

FULL PROGRAMME GUIDE 0836 400 800 & 0836 400 844
CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE PEAK & 25P OFF PEAK



ON LINE

BRAND NEW!

NEW

ADULTS AFTER 9PM X RATED 0836 402 560

MARIA WHITTAKER
"MY CHEEKIEST SESSIONS"
0836 402 596

NEIGHBOURS WIVES
0836 402 506

PANTY PARTIES
0836 402 568

FIONA THE FLASHER
0836 402 569

THE UNDIES BITCH
0836 402 580

SPANKING FUN
0836 402 579

SECRET SEX SLAVE
0836 402 585

OUTRAGEOUS ***ZETA***
PARADES SEXY EDITOR
0836 402 548

YOUNG LUST
0836 402 583

AFTER 9 UPDATE
0836 402 560

MANDY'S MASSAGE
0836 402 562

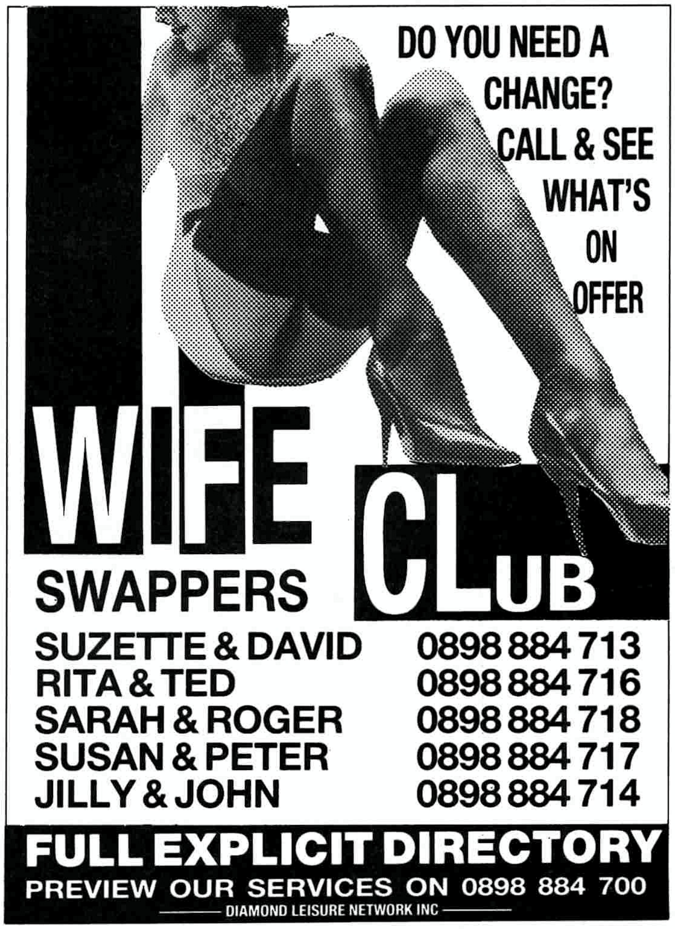
SADIE THE STUDENT
0836 402 561

SHOP GIRL SEDUCTION
0836 402 564

NEW

CORINA ROMA
"MISS CONDOM '88"
0836 402 593

CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE PEAK AND 25P OFF PEAK



DO YOU NEED A CHANGE?
CALL & SEE WHAT'S ON OFFER

WIFE SWAPPERS CLUB

SUZETTE & DAVID	0898 884 713
RITA & TED	0898 884 716
SARAH & ROGER	0898 884 718
SUSAN & PETER	0898 884 717
JILLY & JOHN	0898 884 714

FULL EXPLICIT DIRECTORY
PREVIEW OUR SERVICES ON 0898 884 700
DIAMOND LEISURE NETWORK INC

CATHY

CHARLOTTE

SAM

MICHELLE

KATIE

LEE

RHONA

JULIETTE

LYNNE

VANDA

ANNE-MARIE

GINA

FIONA COOPER ADULT GLAMOUR

KAREN
SONIA
VICKY
LORRAINE

FOR FULL EXPLICIT DETAILS OR TO ORDER BY PHONE

DIAL 0898 900 599

(Calls charged at 38p per minute peak. 25p off peak.

Glamour videos and photosets for your delight including school uniform, nurse, French maid, army, stockings & suspenders, big boobs, long legs, sexy undies, shower scenes, outdoor scenes etc., etc.

SAMPLE 1 HOUR VIDEO: features several pretty girls as featured here peeling off just for you!; just £15 for the full hour!

SAMPLE 2 HOUR VIDEO: as above but features several more of these pretty girls. £28.

SAMPLE 3 HOUR VIDEO: features lots more pretty girls. £40

SAMPLE PHOTOSET: big full colour print of all our girls. Only £6.

SPECIAL OFFER: any 10 one hour videos for £120 (Normally £150).
any 5 one hour videos for £60 (normally £75).

1 HOUR VIDEOS OF THE GIRLS: each of the girls here appears in her own one hour video. Various striptease routines, uniforms etc etc. £15 each.

Our lists and samples are fully comprehensive and include photo's of all our girls plus details of our videos and photosets. Send NOW for your copy.

CI

To order: simply fill in your name and address, tick the items you want and return this slip along with your cheque/postal order for the full amount to: FIONA COOPER, PO BOX 16, HALIFAX, HX1 1EU.
Please print clearly.

NAME...

ADDRESS ....

....

....

☐ 1 hour video featuring several girls	£15
☐ 2 hour video featuring more girls	£28
☐ 3 hour video featuring lots of girls	£40
☐ lists and samples	£2
☐ sample photoset	£6
☐ 1 hour videos of KATIE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of LYNNE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of CATHY	£15
☐ 1 hour video of KAREN	£15
☐ 1 hour video of LEE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of SONIA	£15
☐ 1 hour video of CHARLOTTE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of VANDA	£15
☐ 1 hour video of JULIETTE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of SAM	£15
☐ 1 hour video of MICHELLE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of GINA	£15
☐ 1 hour video of ANNE-MARIE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of LORRAINE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of VICKY	£15
☐ 1 hour video of RHONA	£15

FORMAT REQUIRED: VHS/BETA (If you do not tick which you require we will send VHS).

THE SUNDAY PAPER FOR ADULTS THAT SPORTS ALL THE ACTION

IT'S THE PAPER FOR MEN!

It's got the best uncoverage in boobs and by far the best coverage for:
Football • Boxing • American Football • Basketball • Ice Hockey • Wrestling • Horse & Dog Racing • and a great deal more. PLUS
Full coverage of match reports, interviews and result check.

SUNDAY SPORT
BIG EXCLUSI
SEX
SLAVE'S NIG
OF FEAR IN
TYCOON'S
LOVE NEST
Drug-Crazed M

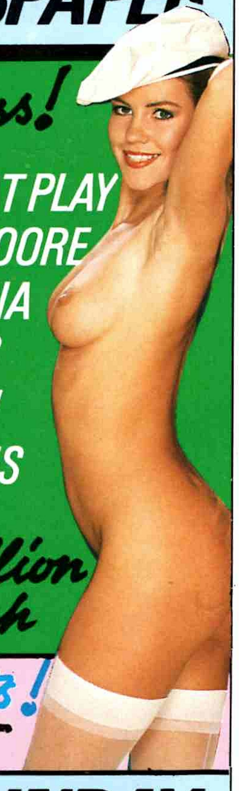
SUNDAY SPORT

STILL THE LOWEST PRICED SUNDAY

BRITAIN'S TOP less NEWSPAPER

TOPLESS STUNNAS
SCANDAL
Fiona!
BOSS IS A REAL BANKER
WOMEN WHO MA A FORTUNE BY KISS'N'TELLING
Win with our Nap Line on 0898-700-124
FRENCH
Plunge on Queens Lake will soak the bookies
BOBBY MOORE'S WORLD OF SPORT
WRIGHT, HE'S WRONG

- GET AN EYEFUL OF THE TOP MODELS — Topless!
- RISQUÉ GOSSIP OF THE STARS AT PLAY
- KICK IT AROUND WITH BOOBY MOORE
- AGONISE WITH AGONY AUNT FIONA
- AT A GLANCE TV GUIDE & REVIEWS
- CHECK YOUR POOLS FOR A CHEQUE!
- YOU AND YOUR STARS - POP STORIES
- TIPS FROM THE HORSES MOUTH!
- THE NEWS AS IT HAPPENS
- BIG PRIZE COMPETITIONS — £3 Million in Cash

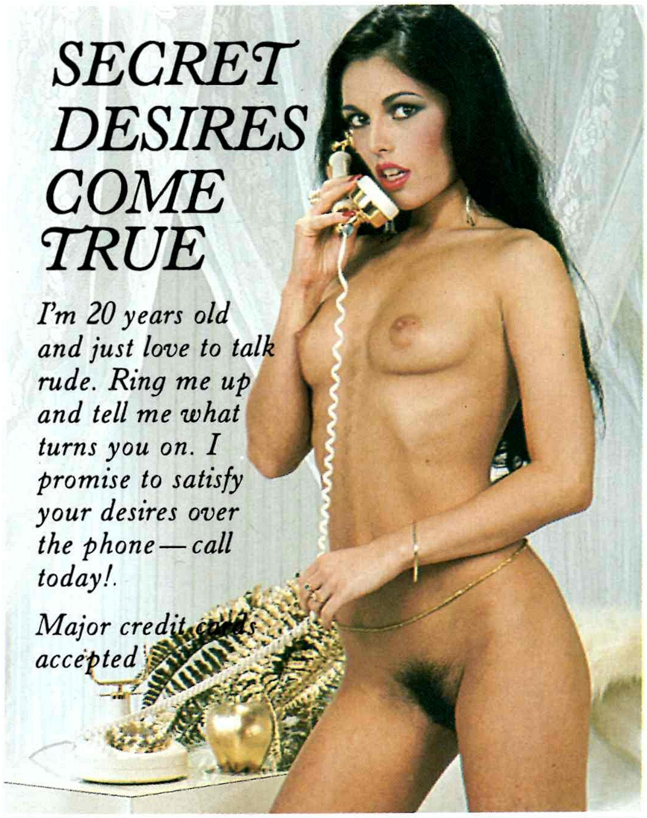


Packed with Great Value Free Gifts!

- Topless playing cards
- Model girl Calendar
- Adult Diary

FOR ACTION-PACKED FUNDAY

— Order Sunday Sport from your newsagents, it's Britain's lowest priced Sunday.



SECRET DESIRES COME TRUE

I'm 20 years old and just love to talk rude. Ring me up and tell me what turns you on. I promise to satisfy your desires over the phone — call today!.

Major credit cards accepted

0101-416-868-1640

(Credit Cards Accepted)

This Is A Live Conversation. Not A Recorded Message

KELLY'S PHONE SEX

Naughty young vixens waiting just for you. Share your most secret desires with our girls over the phone. This is the hot phone service you've been waiting for — here at last.

0101-416-868-1640

(Credit Cards Accepted)

This Is A Live Conversation. Not A Recorded Message

PHONE FANTASIES

(DIRTY XXX DIALLING)

12 YOUNG GIRLS		12 PHONE FANTASIES
LINDA	0836 402 122	0836 402 146
SUSIE	0836 402 123	0836 402 147
ANGI	0836 402 124	0836 402 148
RACHAEL	0836 402 125	0836 402 149
TANYA	0836 402 126	0836 402 150
TRICIA	0836 402 127	0836 402 151
CLAIRE	0836 402 128	0836 402 152
SANDY	0836 402 129	0836 402 153
JOANNA	0836 402 130	0836 402 154
SARAH	0836 402 131	0836 402 155
LUCY	0836 402 132	0836 402 156
CHARLIE	0836 402 133	0836 402 157

12 PHONE FANTASIES	DIRTY DIALLING
0836 402 134	DIRTY SALLY 0836 402 800
0836 402 135	ANITA THE ESCORT 0836 402 801
0836 402 136	HOT + HORNY 0836 402 802
0836 402 137	FUN + FANTASY 0836 402 803
0836 402 138	BLUE KNICKERS 0836 402 804
0836 402 139	RANDY HOUSEWIVES 0836 402 805
0836 402 140	LOLLIPOP LICKING 0836 402 116
0836 402 141	YOUNG + INNOCENT 0836 402 117
0836 402 142	SPANKING GOOD 0836 402 118
0836 402 143	
0836 402 144	
0836 402 145	

Messages may change from time to time for reasons beyond our control. Please cut out this whole advertisement and keep for you continuing pleasure and entertainment.

FANTASY PRODUCTIONS. CALLS CHARGED AT 25P PER MINUTE 38P PER MINUTE PEAK.

ADULT SEX VIDEOS AT *Bumper* DISCOUNT PRICES!

MAIL ORDER DIVISION, 34 UPTON LANE, FOREST GATE, LONDON E7 9LN

- FULL LENGTH FEATURE VIDEOS
- EXCLUSIVE READER OFFERS
- SEXSATIONAL BARGAINS
- SIZZLING SEX
- FULL COLOUR

WARNING
Our adult videos are for the broad-minded only. If you think they may offend, please do not purchase.

FREE - BUMPER ADULT CATALOGUE PACK Free with purchase or £2 for pack only refundable with first order.

Was Sold at £29.95
Now Only £11.95

58 — TRIANGLE OF LUST
Kidnapped by two men and two women who satisfy their sexual needs together. They all fancy the kidnapped girl, expecially one of the women.

Was Sold at £29.95
Now Only £11.95

63 — SCHEHERAZADE
Sex & lust at an Arabian desert camp. The veiled harem dancers perform together, watched by the sheik and his nubile young slave girl.

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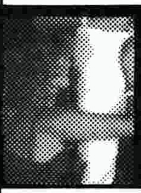

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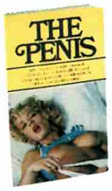

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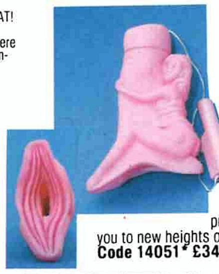

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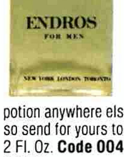

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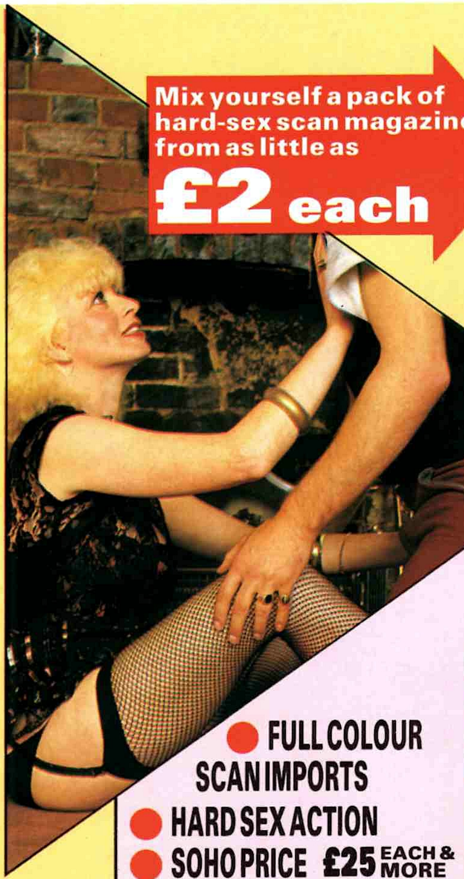

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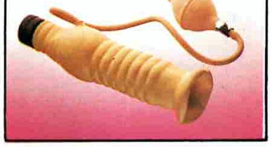

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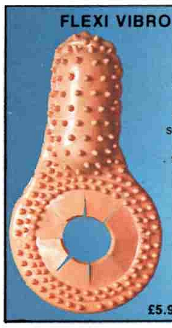

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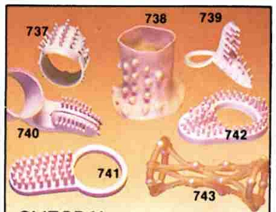

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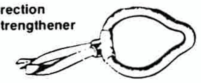

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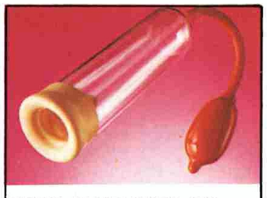

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KEISHA

Photographs by Ed Alexander

Real Men Do Eat Keisha is not one of the Ed's rather more unfunny puns – it's the title of just one of this delectable lady's blue films. Keisha's a pretty major star on the cream screen just now, with other porn epics such as

Outraged Foreplay *and* Sexaholics *under her belt. In fact, as you can see, she's a pretty big star all round. We weren't able to contact the lady herself, but*

we can tell you that she's famed for her blow jobs and is known as the Chest of the West. Keisha's gonna be bigger than ever soon, for sure. ♣

coming in club

Question: Which of the following will be coming in the next issue of Club?

a) An exclusive revelation of the Production Ed's boobs in all their wobbling, naked glory

b) The kind of filthy true-life confessions that'll make your pubes grow straight

c) A vast selection of the bustiest, bummiest, randiest girls who you could only imagine in your wildest fantasies – until now

d) All of the above

Your guess is as good as mine! – Ed. ♣

VOLUME 17 NUMBER 12 – ON SALE NOVEMBER 10th

IT'S THE RIGHT ANSWER!

FICTION

continued from page 54

I had to try a few times before it caught. "I'm afraid I may have accidentally overlooked some blueprints when I packed my case this morning."

On the way to the flat I told her about Krista-Kum but she'd already heard a lot about it from Mr Thomas. She said she'd been wondering whether she was going to be asked to test run it. "Oh, it's not ready for that yet," I said. "In fact the prototype I made got badly damaged in the last test run." (I decided not to tell her about the monkey. Some people get upset by things like that.) "That's why it's so important I have the plans. Without them I can't rebuild it."

Krista made no apologies for what she'd done. She seemed quite proud of it. "It was mainly a matter of principle," she said, "but the money Big Bang paid me was useful too. Feeding these things isn't cheap." She pointed through the doorway to the slavering horde in the kitchen. The cats seemed particularly frisky today; it must be past their mealtime. Capone was rooting about in the bin among the remains of a Kentucky.

Krista went on: "Once I'd read your notes and found out what you were up to it was easy enough to take a few photocopies. The Chairman of The Big Bang is a charming man. He assured me that none of his company's products are tested on animals." She looked so smug it maddened me.

"Where did you put the plans?" I asked.

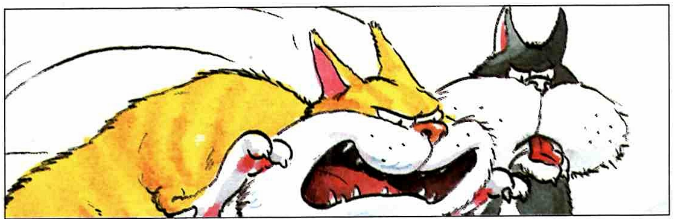
Krista raised one eyebrow. "Do you really expect me to tell you?"

"Yes," said Cora, pulling out a gun. I was impressed.

"They're in a drawer in the kitchen," said Krista. "I'll just get them."

Cora tried to go with her but I held her back. After Krista had gone in she shut the door behind her and we heard a bolt being drawn. Cora said, "See, you should have let me go in. Now you'll never get her."

"I didn't want you to go near those cats," I said. "They're psychotic. Krista's the only one who can do anything with them."



Cora said, "No wonder they're not normal if you keep experimenting on them."

First of all it had been quite quiet in the kitchen. After Krista bolted the door I'd heard her go to the kitchen drawer and open it, and then maybe the cats had thought she was going to start getting their food ready and were disappointed when she didn't. Maybe that was it, because the noise they made was like the kind you hear in a lion's cage when the keeper throws in a carcass.

Through the hissing and spitting and snarling I could hear the rattle of the door. "The bolt's stuck!" shouted Krista. "Help me!" I shoulder-charged the door but it was a strong one and it was a while before it gave.

We had a hard job getting the cats off Krista. I must admit I didn't want to get too close to them, the mood they were in, but Cora fired her gun a couple of times and after that they just skulked in the corner.

As the ambulancemen were putting her on to a stretcher Krista spoke. She said, "They're so independent, cats. No slavish loyalty; I like that." Then her voice tailed away. The ambulanceman said it was better to let her sleep and save her strength.

I stood on the pavement clutching the bloodstained plans and watching the blue light of the ambulance getting smaller. I felt sick. I said to Cora, "I can't stand the sight of blood . . ."

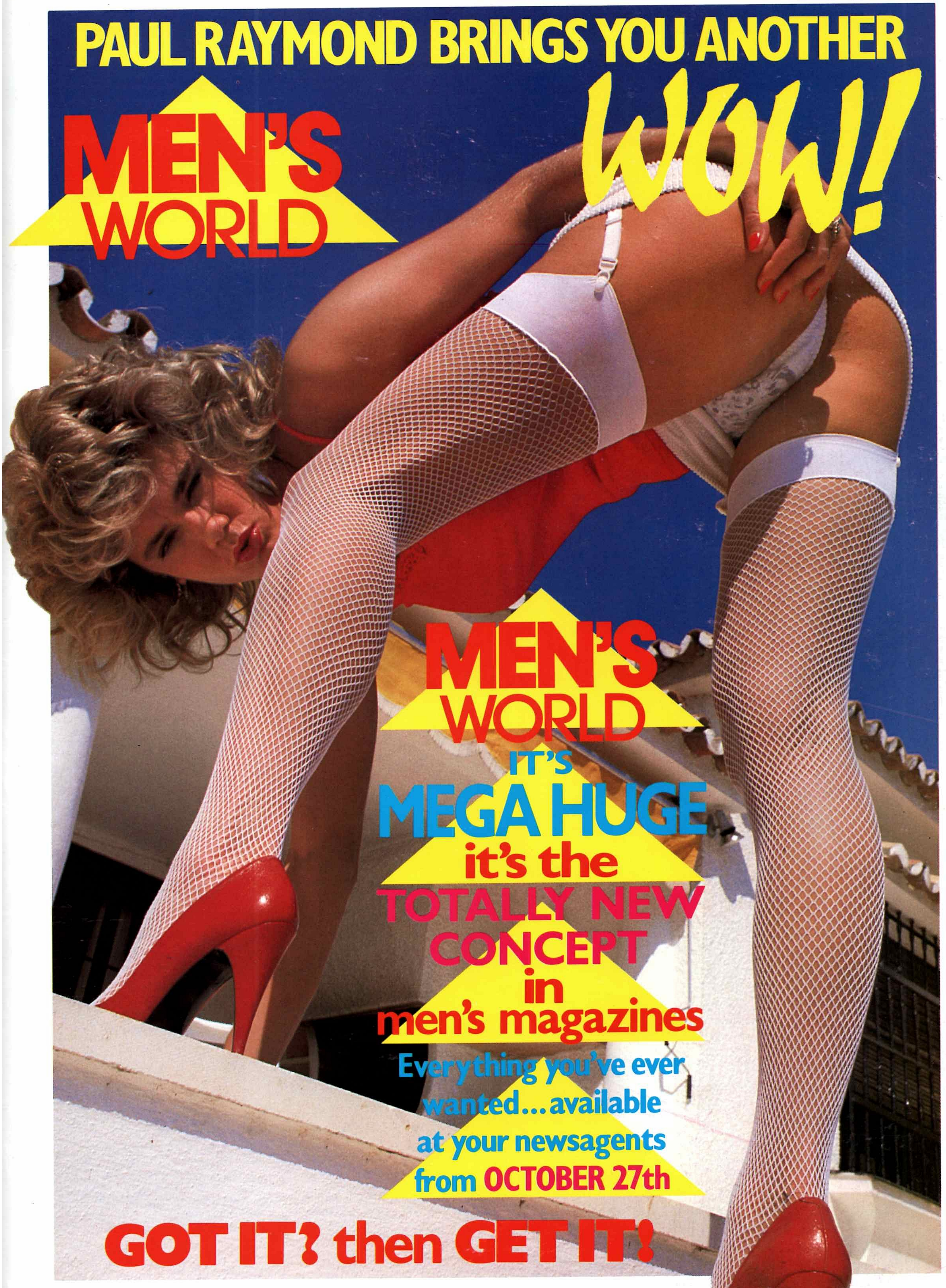
"Mmm," murmured Cora, "but in my job the work's not clean."

"Not clean? Paperclips and latex?"

"Just a cover." Her eyes had never looked so lovely. "Actually I work for the government." She took the papers from my hand and tucked them in her case. "The government," she said, "feels that a machine such as yours would be very disruptive to the economy. How would this country be run if everyone sat around having all-day orgasms? It just won't do.

"We would be grateful," she added, squeezing my hand in a sympathetic way, "if you didn't continue with this line of research."

As if on cue a large silver Merc with tinted windows drew up and she climbed into the back seat. Before it drove off she wound down her window and smiled at me. I got one last glimpse of one of her dimples. C'est la vie. ♣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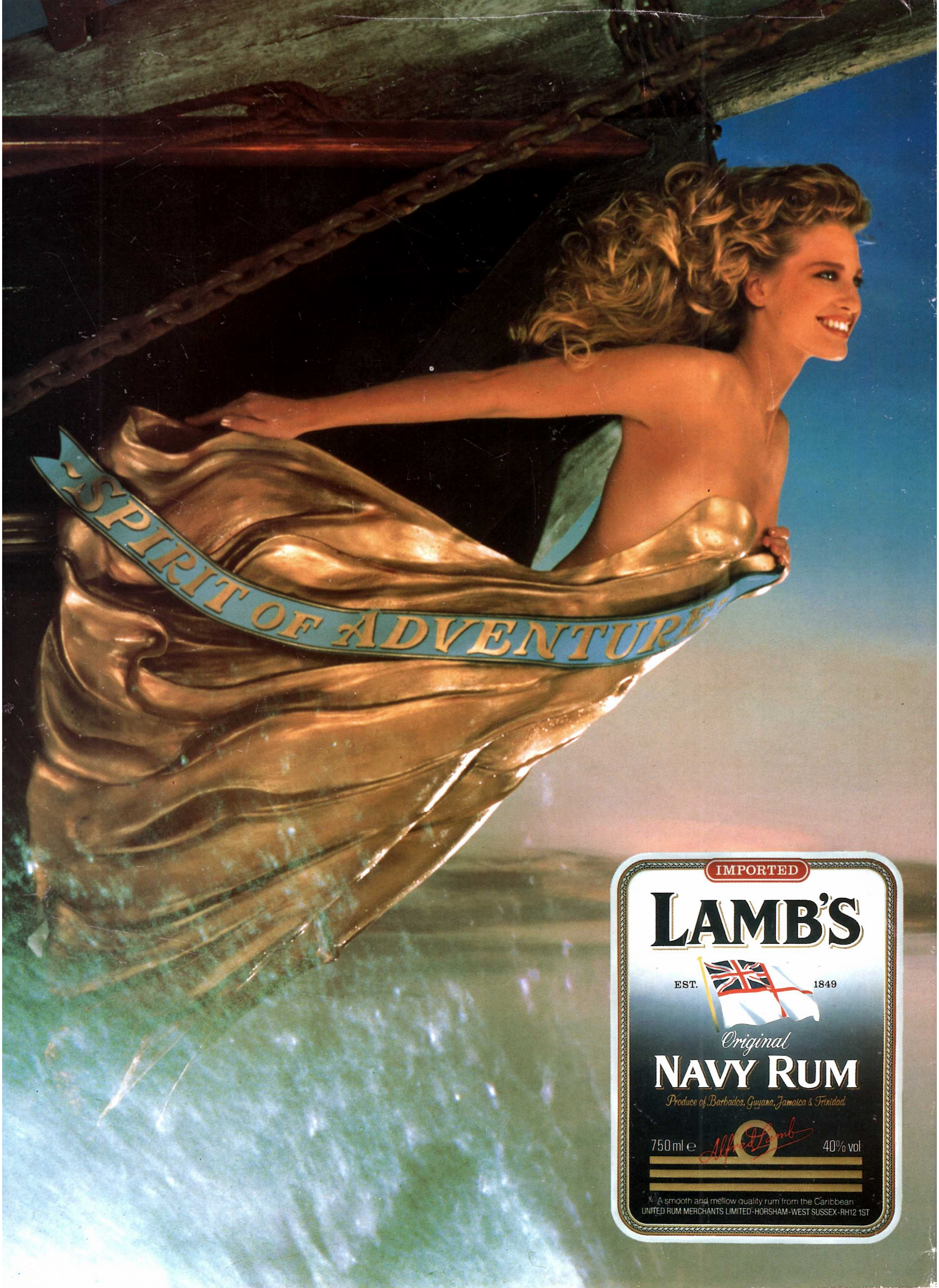
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